

# THE CONQUEST

O F  
G R A N A D A

BY THE  
S P A N I A R D S.

Acted at the THEATRE-ROYAL.

---

In Two Parts.

---

Written by JOHN DRYDEN, Servant  
to His MAJESTY.

---

——— *Major rerum mihi nascitur Ordo;  
Majus Opus moveo.* Virg. *Æneid.* 7.

---

The SIXTH EDITION.

---

L O N D O N,

Printed for J. Tonson, and T. Bennet: And Sold by J. Knap-  
ton at the Crown in St. Paul's Church-yard, G. Strahan and  
W. Davis over-against the Royal Exchange in Cornhill. 1704.



HARVARD COLLEGE LIBRARY

GIFT OF

MARY E. HAVEN

JULY 2, 1914.

In two parts.

Written by JOHN DRYDEN, Esq.  
to His MAJESTY

THE KING

OF GREAT BRITAIN

The sixth Edition.

LONDON

1911

Printed for J. Taylor and A. Benger, and sold by J. Knap-  
ton at the Crown in St. Paul's Church-yard, G. Sturges and  
W. Davis over-against the Royal Exchange in Cornhill 72. NUL  
JUN 27 1916

TO HIS  
Royal Highness  
THE  
DUKE.

S I R,

**H**eroick Poësie has always been Sacred to Princes and to Heroes. Thus *Virgil* inscrib'd his *Æneids* to *Augustus Cæsar*; and of latter Ages *Tasso* and *Ariosto* Dedicated their Poems to the House of *Est*. 'Tis indeed, but Justice, that the most Excellent and most Profitable kind of Writing should be address'd by Poets to such Persons, whose Characters have, for the most part, been the Guides and Patterns of their Imitation. And Poets, while they imitate, instruct. The feign'd Heroe inflames the true, and the dead Virtue animates the living. Since, therefore, the World is govern'd by Precept and Example, and both these can only have Influence from those Persons who are above us, that kind of Poësie which excites to Virtue the greatest Men, is of greatest use to Human kind.

'Tis from this Consideration, that I have presum'd to Dedicate to Your Royal Highness these faint Representations of Your own Worth and Valour in Heroick Poetry; or, to speak more properly, not to Dedicate, but to restore to You those *Ideas*, which in the more perfect part of my Characters I have taken from You. Heroes may lawfully be delighted with their own Praises, both as they are farther Incitements to their Virtue, and as they are the highest Returns which Mankind can make them for it.

And certainly, if ever Nation were oblig'd, either by the Conduct, the Personal Valour, or the good Fortune of a



Leader, the *English* are acknowledging, in all of them, to Your Royal Highness. Your whole Life has been a continued Series of Heroick Actions; which You began so early, that You were no sooner nam'd in the World, but it was with Praise and Admiration. Even the first Blossoms of Your Youth paid us all that could be expected from a ripening Manhood. While You practis'd but the Rudiments of War, You out-went all other Captains; and have since found none to surpass, but Your self alone. The opening of Your Glory was like that of Light: You shone to us from afar, and disclos'd Your first Beams on distant Nations; yet so, that the Lustre of them was spread abroad, and reflected brightly on Your Native Country. You were then an Honour to it, when it was a Reproach to it self; and when the Fortunate Usurper sent his Arms to *Flanders*, many of the Adverse Party were vanquish'd by Your Fame, e'er they try'd Your Valour. The Report of it drew over to Your Ensigns whole Troops and Companies of converted Rebels, and made them forsake successful Wickedness, to follow an oppress'd and exil'd Virtue. Your Reputation wag'd War with the Enemies of Your Royal Family, even within their Trenches; and the more obstinate, or more guilty of them, were forc'd to be Spies over those whom they commanded, lest the Name of *TORR* should Disband that Army in whose Fate it was to Defeat the *Spaniards*, and force *Dunkirk* to Surrender. Yet, those Victorious Forces of the Rebels were not able to sustain Your Arms. Where You Charg'd in Person You were a Conqueror. 'Tis true, they afterwards recover'd Courage, and wrested that Victory from others, which they had lost to You. And it was a greater Action for them to rally, than it was to overcome. Thus, by the Presence of Your Royal Highness, the *English* on both sides remain'd Victorious; and that Army which was broken by Your Valour, became a Terror to those for whom they Conquer'd. Then it was, that at the Cost of other Nations You inform'd and cultivated that Valour which was to defend Your Native Country, and to vindicate its Honour from the Insolence of our incroaching Neighbours. When the *Hollanders*, not contented to withdraw themselves from the Obedience which they ow'd their lawful Sovereign, affronted those by  
whose



whose Charity they were first protected; and, (being swell'd up to a Pre-eminence of Trade, by a supine Negligence on our side, and a sordid Parsimony on their own,) dar'd to dispute the Sovereignty of the Seas; the Eyes of three Nations were then cast upon You, and by the joint Suffrage of King and People, You were chosen to revenge their common Injuries; to which, though You had an undoubted Title by Your Birth, You had a greater by Your Courage. Neither did the Success deceive our Hopes and Expectations: The most glorious Victory which was gain'd by our Navy in that War, was in that first Engagement; wherein, even by the Confession of our Enemies, who ever palliate their own Losses, and diminish our Advantages, Your absolute Triumph was acknowledg'd. You conquer'd at the *Hague* as intirely as at *London*; and the Return of a shatter'd Fleet, without an Admiral, left not the most impudent among them the least Pretence for a false Bonfire, or a dissembled Day of Publick Thanksgiving. All our Atchievements against them afterwards, tho' we sometimes conquer'd, and were never overcome, were but a Copy of that Victory, and they still fell short of their Original; somewhat of Fortune was ever wanting, to fill up the Title of so absolute a Defeat. Or, perhaps the Guardian Angel of our Nation was not enough concern'd when You were absent, and would not employ his utmost Vigour for a less important Stake, than the Life and Honour of a Royal Admiral.

And, since that memorable Day, You have had leisure to enjoy in Peace the Fruits of so glorious a Reputation; 'twas Occasion only has been wanting to your Courage, for that can never be wanting to Occasion. The same Ardour still incites You to Heroick Actions; and the same Concernment for all the Interests of Your King and Brother, continue to give You restless Nights, and a generous Emulation for Your own Glory. You are still meditating on new Labours for Your self, and new Triumphs for the Nation; and when our former Enemies again provoke us, You will again sollicite Fate to provide You another Navy to overcome, and another Admiral to be slain. You will then lead forth a Nation eager to revenge their past Injuries; and, like the *Romans*, inexorable to Peace, 'till they have fully vanquish'd.

Let

Let our Enemies make their boast of a Surprize, as the *Samnites* have of a successful Stratagem; but the *Furca Caudine* will never be forgiven 'till they are reveng'd. I have always observ'd in Your Royal Highness an extream Concernment for the Honour of Your Country; 'tis a Passion common to You with a Brother, the most excellent of Kings; and in Your two Persons are eminent the Characters which *Homer* has given us of Heroick Virtue; the Commanding Part in *Agamemnon*, and the Executive in *Achilles*. And I doubt not, from both Your Actions, but to have abundant Matter to fill the Annals of a glorious Reign, and to perform the Part of a just Historian to my Royal Master, without intermixing with it any thing of the Poet.

In the mean time, while Your Royal Highness is preparing fresh Employments for our Pens; I have been examining my own Forces, and making trial of my self, how I shall be able to transmit You to Posterity. I have form'd a Heroe, I confess, not absolutely perfect, but of an excessive and over-boiling Courage; but *Homer* and *Tasso* are my Precedents. Both the *Greek* and the *Italian* Poet had well consider'd, that a tame Heroe, who never transgresses the Bounds of Moral Virtue, would shine but dimly in an Epick Poem; the Strictness of those Rules might well give Precepts to the Reader, but would administer little of occasion to the Writer. But a Character of an excentricue Virtue is the more exact Image of Human Life, because he is not wholly exempted from its Frailties; such a Person is *Almanzor*, whom I present, with all Humility, to the Patronage of Your Royal Highness. I design'd in him a Roughness of Character, impatient of Injuries, and a Confidence of himself, almost approaching to an Arrogance. But these Errors are incident only to great Spirits; they are Moles and Dimples which hinder not a Face from being beautiful, though that Beauty be not regular; they are of the number of those amiable Imperfections which we see in Mistresses, and which we pass over without a strict Examination, when they are accompany'd with greater Graces. And such in *Almanzor*, are a Frank and Noble Openness of Nature, and easiness to forgive his conquer'd Enemies, and to protect them in Distress; and above all, an inviolable Faith in his Affection.

This,



This, Sir, I have briefly shadow'd to Your Royal Highness, that You may not be ashamed of that Heroe, whose Protection You undertake. Neither would I dedicate him to so Illustrious a Name, if I were conscious to my self that he did or said any thing which was wholly unworthy of it. However, since it is not just that Your Royal Highness shou'd defend, or own what, possibly, may be my Error, I bring before You this accus'd *Almanzor* in the nature of a suspected Criminal. By the Suffrage of the most and best he already is acquitted; and by the Sentence of some, condemn'd. But as I have no reason to stand to the Award of my Enemies, so neither dare I trust the Partiality of my Friends: I make my last Appeal to Your Royal Highness, as to a Sovereign Tribunal. Heroes shou'd only be judg'd by Heroes; because they only are capable of measuring Great and Heroick Actions by the Rule and Standard of their own. If *Almanzor* has fail'd in any Point of Honour, I must therein acknowledge that he deviates from Your Royal Highness, who are the Pattern of it. But if at any time he fulfils the Parts of Personal Valour and of Conduct, of a Soldier and of a General; or, if I could yet give him a Character more advantagious than what he has, of the most unshaken Friend, the greatest of Subjects, and the best of Masters, I shou'd then draw all the World a true Resemblance of Your Worth and Virtues; at least, as far as they are capable of being copied by the mean Abilities of,

S I R,

Your Royal Highness's

Most Humble, and most

Obedient Servant,

J. Dryden.



# HEROICK PLAYS.

## An ESSAY.

**W**Hether Heroick Verse ought to be admitted into serious Plays, is not now to be disputed; 'tis already in Possession of the Stage, and I dare confidently affirm, that very few Tragedies, in this Age, shall be receiv'd without it. All the Arguments which are formed against it can amount to no more than this, that it is not so near Conversation as Prose, and therefore not so natural. But it is very clear to all who understand Poetry, that serious Plays ought not to imitate Conversation too nearly. If nothing were to be rais'd above that Level, the Foundation of Poetry would be destroy'd. And if you once admit of a Latitude, that Thoughts may be exalted, and that Images and Actions may be rais'd above the Life, and describ'd in measure without Rime, that leads you insensibly from your own Principles to mine: You are already so far onward of your Way, that you have forsaken the Imitation of ordinary Conversation. You are gone beyond it; and to continue where you are, is to lodge in the open Fields, betwixt two Inns. You have lost that which you call Natural, and have not acquir'd the last Perfection of Art. But it was only Custom which couzen'd us so long; we thought, because Shakespear and Fletcher went no farther, that there the Pillars of Poetry were to be erected. That, because they excellently describ'd Passion without Rime, therefore Rime was not capable of describing it. But Time has now convinc'd most Men of that Error. 'Tis indeed so difficult to write Verse, that the Adversaries of it have a good Plea against many who undertake that Task, without being form'd by Art or Nature for it. Yet, even they who have written worst in it, would have written worse without it: They have couzen'd many with their Sound, who never took the Pains to examin their Sense. In fine, they have succeeded; tho' 'tis true they have more dishonour'd Rime by their good Success, than they have done by their Ill. But I am willing to let fall this Argument: 'Tis free for every Man to write, or not to write, in Verse, as he judges it to be, or not to be his Talent; or as he imagins the Audience will receive it.

For Heroick Plays, (in which I have only us'd it without the Mixture of Prose) the first Light we had of them on the English Theatre, was from the late Sir William D'Avenant: It being forbidden him in the Rebellious Times to Act Tragedies and Comedies, because they contain'd some Matter

of

of Scandal to those good People, who could more easily dispossess their lawful Sovereign, than endure a wanton Jest; he was forced to turn his Thoughts another way; and to introduce the Examples of Moral Virtues writ in Verse, and perform'd in Recitative Musick. The Original of this Musick, and of the Scenes which adorn'd this Work, he had from the Italian Opera's: But he heighten'd his Characters (as I may probably imagin) from the Example of Corneille and some French Poets. In this condition did this part of Poetry remain at his Majesty's Return. When growing bolder, as being now own'd by a publick Authority, he review'd his Siege of Rhodes, and caus'd it to be Acted as a just Drama. But as few Men have the Happiness to begin and finish any new Project, so neither did he live to make his Design perfect: There wanted the Fulness of a Plot, and the Variety of Characters to form it as it ought; and, perhaps, something might have been added to the Beauty of the Style. All which he would have perform'd with more Exactness, had he pleas'd to have given us another Work of the same Nature. For my self and others who come after him, we are bound, with all Veneration to his Memory, to acknowledge what Advantage we receiv'd from that excellent Ground-work which he laid: And since it is an easie thing to add to what already is invented, we ought all of us, without Envy to him, or Partiality to our selves, to yield him the Precedence in it.

Having done him this Justice, as my Guide; I may do my self so much, as to give an Account of what I have perform'd after him. I observ'd then, as I said, what was wanting to the Perfection of the Siege of Rhodes; which was Design, and Variety of Characters. And in the midst of this Consideration, by meer Accident, I opened the next Book that lay by me, which was Ariosto in Italian; and the very first two Lines of that Poem gave me Light to all I could desire.

Le Donne, I Cavalier, L'arme, gli amori.

Le Cortesie, l'audaci imprese jo canto, &c.

For the very first Reflection which I made was this, That an Heroick Play ought to be an Imitation (in Little) of an Heroick Poem; and consequently that Love and Valour ought to be the Subject of it. Both these Sir William D'Avenant had begun to shadow; but it was so, as first Discoverers draw their Maps, with Head-lands, and Promontories, and some few Out-lies of somewhat taken at a distance, and which the Designer saw not clearly. The common Drama oblig'd him to a Plot well form'd and pleasant, or as the Ancients call it, One entire and great Action. But this he afforded not himself in a Story, which he neither fill'd with Persons, nor beautified with Characters, nor varied with Accidents. The Laws of an Heroick Poem did not dispence with those of the other, but rais'd them to a greater height; and indulg'd him a farther Liberty of Fancy, and of drawing all things as far above the ordinary Proportion of the Stage, as that is beyond the common Words and Actions of Human Life: And therefore in the soaping of his Images,



and Design, he comply'd not enough with the Greatness and Majesty of an Heroick Poem.

I am sorry I cannot discover my Opinion of this kind of Writing without dissenting much from his, whose Memory I love and honour. But I will do it with the same Respect to him, as if he were now alive, and over-looking my Paper while I write. His Judgment of an Heroick Poem was this, That it ought to be dress'd in a more familiar and easie Shape; more fitted to the common Actions and Passions of Human Life; and, in short, more like a Glass of Nature, shewing us our selves in our ordinary Habits, and figuring a more practicable Virtue to us, than was done by the Ancients or Moderns. Thus he takes the Image of an Heroick Poem from the Drama, or Stage Poetry; and accordingly to divide it into five Books, representing the same Number of Acts; and every Book into several Canto's, imitating the Scenes which compose our Acts.

But this, I think, is rather a Play, in Narration, (as I may call it) than an Heroick Poem. If at least you will not prefer the Opinion of a single Man, to the Practice of the most excellent Authors, both of ancient and latter Ages. I am no Admirer of Quotations, but you shall hear, if you please, one of the Ancients delivering his Judgment on this Question; 'tis Petronius Arbitrator, the most elegant, and one of the most judicious Authors of the Latine Tongue: Who, after he had given many admirable Rules for the Structure and Beauties of an Epick Poem, concludes all in these following Words;

Non enim res gestæ verbis comprehendendæ sunt; quod longæ melius Historici faciunt: sed, per ambages, Deorumque ministeria, præcipitandus est liber Spiritus, ut potius furentis animi vaticinatio appareat, quam religiosæ orationis, sub testibus, fides.

In which Sentence, and his own Essay of a Poem, which immediately he gives you, it is thought he taxes Lucan, who follow'd too much the Truth of History; crowded Sentences together; was too full of Points; and too often offer'd at somewhat which had more of the Sting of an Epigram, than of the Dignity and State of an Heroick Poem. Lucan us'd not much the Help of his Heathen Deities: There was neither the Ministry of the Gods, nor the Precipitation of the Soul, nor the Fury of a Prophet, (of which my Author speaks) in his Pharsalia; he treats you more like a Philosopher than a Poet, and instructs you in Verse, with what he had been taught by his Uncle Seneca in Prose. In one word, he walks soberly afoot, when he might fly. Yet Lucan is not always this Religious Historian: The Oracle of Appius, and the Witchcraft of Erichon will somewhat atone for him, who was, indeed, bound up by an ill-chosen and known Argument, to follow Truth with great Exactness. For my part, I am of Opinion, that neither Homer, Virgil, Statius, Ariosto, Tasso, nor our English Spencer, could have form'd their Poets half so beautiful, without those Gods and Spirits, and those Enthusiastick Parts of Poetry, which compose the most Noble Parts of all their Writings.



things. And I will ask any Man who loves Heroick Poetry, (for I will not dispute their Tastes, who do not) if the Ghost of Polydorus in Virgil, the Enchanted Wood in Tasso, and the Bower of Bliss in Spenser, (which he borrows from that admirable Italian) could have been omitted, without taking from their Works some of the greatest Beauties in them. And if any Man object the Improbabilities of a Spirit appearing, or of a Palace rais'd by Magick; I boldly answer him, That an Heroick Poet is not ty'd to a bare Representation of what is true, or exceeding probable; but that he might let himself loose to visionary Objects, and to the Representations of such things as depending not on Sense, and therefore not to be comprehended by Knowledge, may give him a freer scope for Imagination. 'Tis enough that in all Ages and Religions, the greatest part of Mankind have believ'd the Power of Magick, and that there are Spirits or Spectres which have appear'd. This, I say, is Foundation enough for Poetry; and I dare farther affirm, that the whole Doctrine of separated Beings, whether those Spirits are incorporeal Substances, (which Mr. Hobbs, with some reason, thinks to imply a Contradiction,) or that they are a thinner and more Aerial sort of Bodies (as some of the Fathers have conjectur'd) may better be explicated by Poets, than by Philosophers or Divines. For their Speculations on this Subject are wholly Poetical, they have only their Fancy for their Guide, and that being sharper in an excellent Poet, then it is likely it should in a Phlegmatick, heavy Gown-man, will see farther in its own Empire, and produce more satisfactory Notions on those dark and doubtful Problems.

Some Men think they have rais'd a great Argument against the use of Spectres and Magick in Heroick Poetry, by saying, they are unnatural; but, whether they or I believe there are such things, is not material; 'tis enough, that for ought we know, they may be in Nature; and whatever is, or may be, is not properly unnatural. Neither am I much concern'd at Mr. Cowley's Verses before Gondibert; (though his Authority is almost Sacred to me :) 'Tis true, he has resembled the old Epick Poetry to a Fantastick Fairy-land; but he has contradicted himself by his own Example. For he has himself made use of Angels and Visions in his Davids, as well as Tasso in his Godfrey.

What I have written on this Subject will not be thought Digression by the Reader, if he please to remember what I said in the beginning of this Essay, that I have modell'd my Heroick Plays by the Rules of an Heroick Poem. And if that be the most noble, the most pleasant, and the most instructive way of writing in Verse, and, withal, the highest Pattern of Human Life, as all Poets have agreed, I shall need no other Argument to justify my Choice in this Imitation. One Advantage the Drama has above the other, namely, that it represents to View what the Poem only does relate, and, Segnius irritant animûm demissa per aures, Quam quæ sunt oculis subjecta fidelibus, as Horace tells us.

To those who object my frequent use of Drums and Trumpets, and my Representations of Battels; I answer, I introduc'd them not on the English

Stage; Shakespear us'd them frequently; and though Johnson shews no Battel in his Cataline, yet you hear from behind the Scenes the sounding of Trumpets, and the Shouts of fighting Armies. But, I add farther; that these Warlike Instruments, and even their Presentations of fighting on the Stage, are no more than necessary to produce the Effects of an Heroick Play; that is, to raise the Imagination of the Audience, and to persuade them, for the time, that what they behold on the Theatre is really perform'd. The Poet is then to endeavour an absolute Dominion over the Minds of the Spectators; for, though our Fancy will contribute to its own Deceit, yet a Writer ought to help its Operation. And that the Red Bull has formerly done the same, is no more an Argument against our Practice, than it would be for a Physician to forbear an approv'd Medicine, because a Mountebank has us'd it with Success.

Thus I have given a short Account of Heroick Plays. I might now, with the usual Eagerness of an Author, make a particular Defence of this. But the common Opinion (how unjust soever) has been so much to my Advantage, that I have reason to be satisfy'd, and to suffer with Patience all that can be urg'd against it.

For, otherwise, what can be more easie for me, than to defend the Character of Almanzor, which is one great Exception that is made against the Play? 'Tis said, that Almanzor is no perfect Pattern of Heroick Virtue, that he is a Contemner of Kings, and that he is made to perform Impossibilities.

I must therefore avow, in the first place, from whence I took the Character. The first Image I had of him, was from the Achilles of Homer, the next from Tasso's Rinaldo, (who was a Copy of the former) and the third from the Artaban of Monsieur Calpranede, (who has imitated both.) The Original of these (Achilles) is taken by Homer for his Heroe; and is describ'd by him as one, who in Strength and Courage surpass'd the rest of the Grecian Army; but, withal, of so fiery a Temper, so impatient of an Injury, even from his King and General, that when his Mistress was to be forc'd from him by the Command of Agamemnon, he not only disobey'd it, but return'd him an Answer full of Contumely, and in the most opprobrious Terms he could imagine; they are Homer's Words which follow, and I have cited but some few amongst a Multitude.

Οἶνοβαρύς, κυνὸς ὄμματ' ἔχων, καὶ δ' ἰλὺ δ' ἑλάνοιο. Il. a. v. 225.  
 Δημοδότης βασιλεὺς, Il. a. v. 321.

Nay, he proceeded so far in his Insolence, as to draw out his Sword, with Intention to kill him;

Ἐλκετο δ' ἐν κολεῷ μέγα ξίφος. Il. a. v. 194.

and if Minerva had not appear'd, and held his Hand, he had executed his Design; and 'twas all she could do to dissuade him from it. The Event was,



was, that he left the Army, and would fight no more. Agamemnon gives his Character thus to Nestor;

“Ἄλλ’ ὅδ’ ἀνὴρ ἰδέσθαι τοῖς πάντων ἑμπεδὸς ἄλλων. Il. a. v. 287, 288.  
Πάντων μὲν κατέειπ’ ἰδέσθαι, πάντων δ’ ἀνέειπεν.

and Horace gives the same Description of him in his Art of Poetry.

—Honoratum si forte reponis Achillem,  
Impiger, Iracundus, Inexorabilis, Acer,  
Jura neget sibi nata, nihil non arroget armis.

Tasso's chief Character, Rinaldo, was a Man of the same Temper; for, when he had Slain Gernando in his heat of Passion, he not only refus'd to be judg'd by Godfrey, his General, but threaten'd, that if he came to seize him, he would right himself by Arms upon him; witness these following Lines of Tasso.

Venga, egli omandi, io terro fermo il piede;  
Giudici fian tra noi la sorte, e'l arme.  
Fera tragedia vuol che s'appresenti  
Per los diporti a le Nemiche genti.

You see how little these great Authors did esteem the Point of Honour, so much magnify'd by the French, and so ridiculously ap'd by us. They made their Heroes Men of Honour; but so, as not to divest them quite of Human Passions and Frailties; they content themselves to shew you, what Men of great Spirits would certainly do when they were provok'd, not what they were oblig'd to do by the strict Rules of Moral Virtue; for my own part, I declare my self for Homer and Tasso, and am more in love with Achilles and Rinaldo, than with Cyrus and Oroondates. I shall never subject my Characters to the French Standard, where Love and Honour are to be weigh'd by Drams and Scruples; yet, where I have design'd the Patterns of exact Virtues, such as in this Play are the Parts of Almahide, of Ozmyn, and Benzayda, I may safely challenge the best of theirs.

But Almanzor is tax'd with changing Sides: And what Tye has he on him to the contrary? He is not born their Subject whom he serves, and he is injur'd by them to a very high degree. He threatens them, and speaks insolently of Sovereign Power; but so do Achilles and Rinaldo, who were Subjects and Soldiers to Agamemnon and Godfrey of Bulloigne. He talks extravagantly in his Passion; but, if I would take the Pains to quote an hundred Passages of Ben. Johnson's Cethegus, I could easily shew you, that the Rhodomontades of Almanzor are neither so irrational as his, nor so impossible to be put in execution; for Cethegus threatens to destroy Nature, and to raise a new one out of it; to kill all the Senate for his



his part of the Action; to look Cato dead; and a thousand other things as extravagant he says, but performs not one Action in the Play.

But none of the former Calumnies will stick; and therefore 'tis at last charg'd upon me, that Almanzor does all things; or if you will have an absurd Accusation, in their Nonsense who make it, that he performs Impossibilities; they say, that being a Stranger, he appeases two fighting Factions, when the Authority of their lawful Sovereign could not: This is indeed the most improbable of all his Actions, but 'tis far from being impossible. Their King had made himself contemptible to his People, as the History of Granada tells us; and Almanzor, though a Stranger, yet was already known to them by his Gallantry in the Juego de toros, his Engagement on the weaker Side, and more especially by the Character of his Person and brave Actions, given by Abdalla just before; and after all, the Greatness of the Enterprize consisted only in the Daring, for he had the King's Guards to second him: But we have read both of Cæsar, and many other Generals, who have not only calm'd a Mutiny with a Word, but have presented themselves single before an Army of their Enemies; which upon sight of them has revolted from their own Leaders, and come over to their Trenches. In the rest of Almanzor's Actions you see him for the most part victorious; but the same Fortune has constantly attended many Heroes who were not imaginary: Yet, you see it no Inheritance to him; for, in the First Part, he is made a Prisoner; and, in the Last, defeated, and not able to preserve the City from being taken. If the History of the late Duke of Guise be true, he hazarded more, and perform'd not less in Naples, than Almanzor is feign'd to have done in Granada.

I have been too tedious in this Apology; but to make some Satisfaction, I will leave the rest of my Play expos'd to the Criticks, without Defence.

The Concernment of it is wholly pass'd from me, and ought to be in them who have been favourable to it, and are somewhat oblig'd to defend their Opinions. That there are Errors in it, I deny not.

*Ast opere in tanto fas est obrepere Somnum.*

But I have already swept the Stakes; and, with the common good Fortune of prosperous Gamesters, can be content to sit quietly; to bear my Fortune curs'd by some, and my Faults arraign'd by others; and to suffer both without Reply.

---

---

On *Mr. DRYDEN'S PLAY,*  
*The Conquest of GRANADA.*

**T**H' Applause I gave among the foolish Croud  
Was not distinguish'd, tho' I clapp'd aloud:  
Or, if it had, my Judgment had been hid:  
I clapp'd for Company, as others did.  
Thence may be told the Fortune of your Play;  
Its Goodness must be try'd another way.  
Let's judge it then, and, if we've any Skill,  
Commend what's good, though we commend it ill.  
There will be Praise enough, yet not so much,  
As if the World had never any such:  
*Ben. Johnson, Beaumont, Fletcher, Shakespear,* are,  
As well as you, to have a Poet's Share.  
You, who write after, have besides this Curse,  
You must write better, or you else write worse.  
To equal only what was writ before,  
Seems stoll'n, or borrow'd from the former Store.  
Though blind as *Homer* all the Ancients be,  
'Tis on their Shoulders, like the Lame, we see.  
Then not to flatter th' Age, nor flatter you,  
(Praises, though less, are greater when they're true)  
You're equal to the best, out-done by you;  
Who had out-done themselves, had they liv'd now.

*VAUGHAN*

*PRO*



# PROLOGUE

## To the First P A R T.

Spoken by Mrs. Ellen Guyn, in a Broad-brimm'd  
Hat and Waste-Belt.

**T**HIS Jest was first of th' other House's making,  
And, five times try'd, has never fail'd of taking.  
For 'twere a Shame a Poet should be kill'd  
Under the Shelter of so broad a Shield.  
This is that Hat, whose very sight did win ye  
To laugh and clap as though the Devil were in ye.  
As then, for Nokes, so now I hope you'll be  
So dull, to laugh once more for love of me.  
I'll write a Play, says one, for I have got  
A Broad-brimm'd Hat, and Waste-Belt, towards a Plot.  
Says th' other, I have one more large than that.  
Thus they out-write each other with a Hat.  
The Brims still grew with ev'ry Play they writ;  
And grew so large, they cover'd all the Wit.  
Hat was the Play; 'twas Language, Wit and Tale:  
Like them that find Meat, Drink, and Cloth in Ale.  
What Dulness do these Mungril Wits confess,  
When all their Hope is acting of a Dress!  
Thus, Two the best Comedians of the Age  
Must be worn out, with being Blocks o' th' Stage;

Like

Like a young Girl, who better things has known,  
 Beneath their Poets Impotence they groan.  
 See now what Charity it was to save!  
 They thought you lik'd what only you forgave:  
 And brought you more dull Sense, dull Sense much worse  
 Than brisk gay Non-sense, and the heavier Curse.  
 They bring old Ir'n and Glass upon the Stage,  
 To barter with the Indians of our Age.  
 Still they write on, and like great Authors show:  
 But 'tis as Rollers in wet Gardens grow  
 Heavy with Dirt, and gathering as they go. }  
 May none who have so little understood,  
 To like such Trash, presume to praise what's good!  
 And may those Drudges of the Stage, whose Fate  
 Is damn'd dull Farce, more dully to Translate,  
 Fall under that Excize the State thinks fit  
 To set on all French Wares, whose worst is Wit.  
 French Farce, worn out at home, is sent abroad;  
 And patch'd up here, is made our English Mode.  
 Henceforth let Poets, e'er allow'd to write,  
 Be search'd, like Duelists before they fight,  
 For Wheel-broad Hats, dull Humour, all that Chaff,  
 Which makes you mourn, and makes the Vulgar laugh:  
 For these, in Plays, are as unlawful Arms,  
 As, in a Combat, Coats of Mail, and Charms.

The Scene in G. R. A. W. D. N. and the  
 Persons



# Persons Represented.

<i>Mabomet Boabdelin</i> , the last King of <i>Granada</i> .	Mr. Kynaston.
Prince <i>Abdalla</i> , his Brother.	Mr. Lydal.
<i>Abdelmelech</i> , chief of the <i>Abencerrages</i> .	Mr. Mobun.
<i>Zulema</i> , chief of the <i>Zegrys</i> .	Mr. Harris.
<i>Abenamar</i> , an old <i>Abencerrago</i> .	Mr. Cartwright.
<i>Selin</i> , an old <i>Zegry</i> .	Mr. Winterbal.
<i>Ozmyn</i> , a brave young <i>Abencerrago</i> , Son to <i>Abenamar</i> .	Mr. Beeston.
<i>Hamet</i> , Brother to <i>Zulema</i> , a <i>Zegry</i> .	Mr. Watson.
<i>Gomel</i> , a <i>Zegry</i> .	Mr. Powell.
<i>Almanzor</i> .	Mr. Hart.
<i>Ferdinand</i> , King of Spain.	Mr. Littlewood.
Duke of <i>Arcos</i> , his General.	Mr. Bell.
Don <i>Alonzo d'Aguiar</i> , a Spanish Captain.	
<i>Almahide</i> , Queen of <i>Granada</i> .	Mrs. Ellen Guyn.
<i>Lyndaraxa</i> , Sister to <i>Zulema</i> , a <i>Zegry</i> Lady.	Mrs. Marshal.
<i>Benzayda</i> , Daughter to <i>Selin</i> .	Mrs. Boutel.
<i>Esperanza</i> , Slave to the Queen.	Mrs. Reeve.
<i>Halyma</i> , Slave to <i>Lyndaraxa</i> .	Mrs. Eastland.
<i>Isabella</i> , Queen of Spain.	Mrs. James.
Messengers, Guards, Attendants, Men and Women.	

The Scene in *GRANADA*, and the  
Christian Camp Besieging it.

*Alman-*

*Almanzor and Almabide:*  
OR, THE  
CONQUEST  
OF  
GRANADA

The First P A R T.

Boabdelin, Abenamar, Abdelmelech, *Guards.*

*Boab.* **T**HUS, in the Triumphs of soft Peace, I reign;  
And, from my Walls, defie the Pow'rs of *Spain*;  
With Pomp and Sports my Love I celebrate,  
While they keep distance, and attend my State.

Parent to her whose Eyes my Soul enthrall; [To *Aben*  
Whom I, in hope, already Father call;

*Abenamar*, thy Youth these Sports has known,  
Of which thy Age is now Spectator grown:  
Judge-like thou sit'st, to praise, or to arraign

The flying Skirmish of the darted Cane:

But, when fierce Bulls run loose upon the Place,  
And our bold *Moors* their Loves with Danger grace,  
Then Heat new bends thy slacken'd Nerves again,  
And a short Youth runs warm through ev'ry Vein.

*Aben.* I must confess th' Encounters of this Day  
Warm'd me indeed, but quite another way:  
Not with the Fire of Youth; but gen'rous Rage,  
To see the Glories of my youthful Age  
So far out-done.

*Abdelm.* *Castile* could never boast, in all its Pride,  
A Pomp so splendid; when the Lifts set wide,  
Gave room to the fierce Bulls, which wildly ran  
In *Sierra Ronda*, e'er the War began;



Who, with high Nostrils, snuffing up the Wind,  
 Now stood the Champion of the Salvage kind,  
 Just opposite, within the circled Place,  
 Ten of our bold *Abencerrages* Race  
 (Each Brandishing his Bull-spear in his Hand)  
 Did their proud Genners gracefully command.  
 On their steel'd Heads their Demy-Lances wore  
 Small Pennons, which their Ladies Colours bore.  
 Before this Troop did Warlike *Ozymyn* go;  
 Each Lady as he rode saluting low;  
 At the chief Stands, with Rev'rence more profound,  
 His well-taught Courser, kneeling, touch'd the Ground;  
 Thence rais'd, he sidelong bore his Rider on,  
 Still facing, 'till he out of sight was gone.

*Boab.* You praise him like a Friend, and I confess  
 His brave Deportment merited no less.

*Abdelm.* Nine Bulls were launch'd by his Victorious Arm,  
 Whose wary Gennet shunning still the Harm,  
 Seem'd to attend the Shock, and then leap'd wider  
 Mean while, his dextrous Rider, when he spy'd  
 The Beast just stooping, 'twixt the Neck and Head  
 His Lance, with never erring Fury, sped.

*Aben.* My Son did well, and so did *Hamet* too;  
 Yet did no more than we were wont to do;  
 But what the Stranger did, was more than Man.

*Abdelm.* He finish'd all those Triumphs we began.  
 One Bull, with curl'd black Head beyond the rest,  
 And Dew-laps hanging from his brawny Chest,  
 With nodding Front a while did daring stand,  
 And with his jetty Hoof spurn'd back the Sand:  
 Then, leaping forth, he bellow'd out aloud:  
 Th' amaz'd Assistants back each other croud,  
 While Monarch-like he rang'd the list'd Field;  
 Some tofs'd, some goar'd, some trampling down he kill'd.  
 Th' ignobler *Moors*, from far his Rage provoke,  
 With Woods of Darts, which from his Sides he shook.  
 Mean time your Valiant Son, who had before  
 Gain'd Fame, rode round to ev'ry Mirador;  
 Beneath each Lady's Stand a stop he made,  
 And, bowing, took th' Applauses which they paid.  
 Just in that Point of Time the brave Unknown  
 Approach'd the Lists.

*Boab.* ————— I mark'd him, when alone  
 (Observ'd by all, himself observing none)  
 He enter'd first; and with a graceful Pride  
 His fiery Arab dextrously did guide:

Who

Who, while his Rider ev'ry Stand survey'd,  
Sprung loose, and flew into an Escapade:  
Not moving forward, yet, with ev'ry Bound,  
Pressing and seeming still to quit his Ground.  
What after pass'd

Was far from the *Ventanna* where I fate,  
But you were near, and can the Truth relate. [To Abdelm.]

*Abdelm.* Thus while he stood, the Bull, who saw his Foe,  
His easier Conquests proudly did forego:  
And, making at him, with a furious Bound,  
From his bent Forehead aim'd a double Wound.  
A rising Murmur ran through all the Field,  
And ev'ry Lady's Blood with Fear was chill'd.  
Some shriek'd, while others, with more helpful Care,  
Cry'd out aloud, Beware, brave Youth, beware!  
At this he turn'd, and as the Bull drew near,  
Shunn'd, and receiv'd him on his pointed Spear.  
The Lance broke short, the Beast then bellow'd loud,  
And his strong Neck to a new Onset bow'd.  
Th' undaunted Youth  
Then drew; and from his Saddle bending low,  
Just where the Neck did to the Shoulders grow,  
With his full Force discharg'd a deadly Blow.  
Not Heads of Poppies (when they reap the Grain)  
Fall with more ease before the lab'ring Swain,  
Than fell this Head:  
It fell so quick, it did even Death prevent:  
And made imperfect Bellowings as it went.  
Then all the Trumpets Victory did sound:  
And yet their Clangors in our Shouts were drown'd.

*Boab.* Th' Alarm-Bell rings from our *Alhambra* Walls,  
And, from the Streets, sound Drums and Ataballes.

[Within, a Bell, Drums and Trumpets.]  
How now! from whence proceed these new Alarms?

[To them a Messenger.]  
*Mess.* The two fierce Factions are again in Arms:

And, changing into Blood the Day's Delight,  
The *Zegrys* with th' *Abencerrages* fight;  
On each side their Allies and Friends appear;  
The *Macas* here, the *Alabazes* there:  
The *Gazuls* with the *Bencerrages* join,  
And, with the *Zegrys*, all great *Gomez's* Line.

*Boab.* Draw up behind the *Vroaramble* Place;  
Double my Guards, these Factions I will face;



And try if all the Fury they can bring  
Be Proof against the Presence of their King. [Exit Boabdelin.]

*The Factions appear: At the Head of the Abencerrages,  
Ozmyb; at the Head of the Zegrys, Zulema, Hamet,  
Gomel, and Selin: Abenamat and Abdelmelech join-  
ed with the Abencerrages.*

*Zulema.* The faint *Abencerrages* quit their Ground:  
Press 'em; put home your Thrusts to ev'ry Wound.

*Abdelmelech.* Zegry, on Manly Force our Line relies;  
Thine poorly takes th' Advantage of Surprise;  
Unarm'd and much out-number'd we retreat;  
You gain no Fame, when basely you defeat.  
If thou art brave seek nobler Victory;  
Save *Moorish* Blood; and, while our Bands stand by,  
Let two to two an equal Combat try.

*Hamet.* 'Tis not for Fear the Combat we refuse,  
But we our gain'd Advantage will not lose.

*Zul.* In Combating but two of you will fall;  
And we resolve we will dispatch you all.

*Ozmyb.* We'll double yet th' Exchange before we die,  
And each of ours two Lives of yours shall buy.

*Almanzor enters betwixt them, as they stand ready to engage.*  
*Almanz.* I cannot stay to ask which Cause is best;

But this is so to me, because oppress'd. [Goes to the Abencerrages.  
*To them Boabdelin and his Guards going betwixt them.*

*Boab.* On your Allegiance I command you stay;  
Who passes here, through me must make his Way.

My Life's the *Istmos*; through this narrow Line  
You first must cut, before those Seas can join.

What Fury, Zegrys, has possess'd your Minds?  
What Rage the brave *Abencerrages* blinds?

If of your Courage you new Proofs would show,  
Without much Travel you may find a Foe.

Those Foes are neither so remote nor few,  
That you should need each other to pursue.

Lean Times and foreign Wars should Minds unite;  
When poor, Men murmur, but they seldom fight.

O holy *Alha!* that I live to see  
Thy *Granadines* assist their Enemy.

You fight the Christians Battels, ev'ry Life  
You lavish thus, in this intestine Strife.

Does from our weak Foundations take one Prop,  
Which help'd to hold our sinking Country up.

*Ozm.* 'Tis fit our private Enmity should cease;  
Though injur'd first, yet I will first seek Peace.

[ 5 ]  
**Zul.** No, Murd'rer, no; I never will be won  
To Peace with him whose Hand has slain my Son.

**Ozm.** Our Prophet's Curse—

On me, and all th' *Abencerrages* light,  
If unprovok'd I with your Son did fight.

**Abdelm.** A Band of *Zegrys* ran within the Place,  
Match'd with a Troop of Thirty of our Race.  
Your Son and *Ozmyn* the first Squadrons led,  
Which, ten by ten, like *Parthians* charg'd and fled.  
The Ground was strow'd with Canes where we did meet,  
Which crack'd underneath our Coursers Feet:  
When *Tarifa* (I saw him ride a-part)  
Chang'd his blunt Cane for a Steel-pointed Dart,  
And meeting *Ozmyn* next,  
Who wanting Time for Treason to provide,  
He basely threw it at him, undefy'd.

[*Ozmyn showing his Arm.*

Witness this Blood—which, when by Treason sought,  
That follow'd, Sir, which to my self I ought.

**Zul.** His Hate to thee was grounded on a Grudge  
Which all our generous *Zegrys* just did judge:  
Thy Villain-Blood thou openly didst place  
Above the Purple of our Kingly Race.

**Boab.** From equal Stems their Blood both Houses draw;  
They from *Morocco*, you from *Cordova*.

**Hamet.** Their Mungril Race is mix'd with Christian Breed,  
Hence 'tis that they those Dogs in Prisons feed.

**Abdelm.** Our Holy Prophet wills, that Charity  
Should ev'n to Birds and Beasts extended be:  
None knows what Fate is for himself design'd;  
The Thought of Human Chance should make us kind.

**Gomel.** We waste that Time we to Revenge should give:  
Fall on; let no *Abencerrago* live. [*Advancing before the rest of his Party.*

[*Almanzor, advancing on the other Side,  
and describing a Line with his Sword.*

Upon thy Life pass not this middle Space;  
Sure Death stands guarding the forbidden Place.

**Gomel.** To dare that Death, I will approach yet nigher;  
Thus, wert thou compass'd in with circling Fire.

[*They fight,*

**Boab.** Disarm 'em both; if they resist you, kill.

[*Almanzor in the midst of the Guards  
kills Gomel, and then is disarm'd.*

**Almanz.** Now you have but the Leavings of my Will.

**Boab.** Kill him; this insolent Unknown shall fall,  
And be the Victim to atone you all.

That



[ 9 ]  
*Ozm.* If he must die, not one of us will live;  
That Life he gave for us, for him we give.

*Boab.* It was a Traitor's Voice that spoke those Words;  
So are you all who do not sheath your Swords.

*Zul.* Outrage unpunish'd when a Prince is by,  
Forfeits to Scorn the Rights of Majesty:  
No Subject his Protection can expect,  
Who what he owes himself does first neglect.

*Aben.* This Stranger, Sir, is he  
Who lately in the *Vivarambla* Place  
Did, with so loud Applause, your Triumphs grace.

*Boab.* The Word which I have giv'n I'll not revoke;  
If he be brave he's ready for the Stroke.

*Almanz.* No Man has more Contempt than I of Breath,  
But whence hast thou the Right to give me Death?  
Obey'd as Sov'reign by thy Subjects be,  
But know, that I alone am King of me.  
I am as free as Nature first made Man,  
E'er the base Laws of Servitude began,  
When wild in Woods the noble Savage ran.

*Boab.* Since then no Pow'r above your own you know,  
Mankind should use you like a common Foe,  
You should be hunted like a Beast of Prey;  
By your own Law I take your Life away.

*Almanz.* My Laws are made but only for my sake;  
No King against himself a Law can make.  
If thou pretend'st to be a Prince like me,  
Blame not an Act which should thy Pattern be.  
I saw th' oppress'd, and thought it did belong  
To a King's Office to redress the wrong:  
I brought that Succour which thou ought'st to bring,  
And so, in Nature, am thy Subjects King.

*Boab.* I do not want your Counsel to direct,  
Or Aid to help me punish or protect.

*Almanz.* Thou want'st 'em both, or better thou would'st know,  
Than to let Factions in thy Kingdom grow.  
Divided Int'rests, while thou think'st to sway,  
Draw, like two Brooks, thy middle Stream away.  
For tho' they band and jar, yet both combine  
To make their Greatness by the Fall of thine.  
Thus, like a Buckler, thou art held in Sight,  
While they, behind thee, with each other fight.

*Boab.* Away, and execute him instantly.

[To his Guards.

*Almanz.* Stand off; I have not leisure yet to die.

[To them Abdalla hastily.

*Abdal.* Hold, Sir, for Heav'n sake hold:

Defer

Defer this noble Stranger's Punishment,  
Or your rash Orders you will soon repent.

*Boab.* Brother, you know not yet his Insolence.

*Abdal.* Upon your self you punish his Offence:  
If we treat gallant Strangers in this sort,  
Mankind will shun th' inhospitable Court.  
And who, henceforth, to our Defence will come,  
If Death must be the brave *Almanzor's* Doom?  
From *Africa* I drew him to your Aid;

And for his Succour have his Life betray'd.

*Boab.* Is this th' *Almanzor* whom at *Fex* you knew;  
When first their Swords the *Xeriff* Brothers drew?

*Abdal.* This, Sir, is he who for the Elder fought,  
And to the juster Cause the Conquest brought:  
'Till the proud *Santo*, seated in the Throne,  
Disdain'd the Service he had done to own:  
Then, to the vanquish'd Part his Fate he led;  
The Vanquish'd triumph'd, and the Victor fled.  
Vast is his Courage, boundless is his Mind,  
Rough as a Storm, and humorous as Wind:  
Honour's the only Idol of his Eyes;  
The Charms of Beauty like a Pest he flies:  
And rais'd by Valour, from a Birth unknown,  
Acknowledges no Pow'r above his own.

[*Boabdelin coming to Almanzor.*]

Impute your Danger to our Ignorance;  
The bravest Men are subject most to Chance:  
*Granada* much does to your Kindness owe:  
But Towns expecting Sieges, cannot show  
More Honour, than t' invite you to a Foe.

*Almanz.* I do not doubt but I have been to blame;  
But, to pursue the End for which I came,  
Unite your Subjects first; then let us go,  
And pour their common Rage upon the Foe.

*Boab. to the Factions.* Lay down your Arms, and let me beg you cease  
Your Enmities.

*Zul.* We will not hear of Peace, till we have reveng'd our slain.

*Abdelm.* The Action we have done we will maintain.

*Selin.* Then let the King depart, and we will try  
Our Cause by Arms.

*Zul.* For us and Victory.

*Boab.* A King intreats you.

*Almanz.* What Subjects will precarious Kings regard?  
A Beggar speaks too softly to be heard:



Lay down your Arms; 'tis I command you now.  
Do it——or, by our Prophet's Soul I vow,  
My Hands shall right your King on him I seize.  
Now let me see whose Look but disobey's.

*Omanes.* Long live King *Mahomet Boabdalin*.

*Almanz.* No more; but hush'd as Midnight Silence go:  
He will not have your Acclamations now.  
Hence, you unthinking Crowd.——

[*The common People go off on both Parties.*]

Empire, thou poor and despicable thing,  
When such as these make or unmake a King!

*Abdal.* How much of Virtue lyes in one great Soul!

Whose single Force can Multitudes control.

[*Embracing him.*  
*A Trumpet within.*  
*Enter a Messenger.*

*Messen.* The Duke of *Arcos*, Sir,——  
Does with a Trumpet from the Foe appear.

*Boab.* Attend him, he shall have his Audience here.

[*Enter the Duke of Arcos.*]

*D. Arcos.* The Monarchs of *Castile* and *Aragon*  
Have sent me to you, to demand this Town;  
To which their just and rightful Claim is known.

*Boab.* Tell *Ferdinand*, my Right to it appears  
By long Possession of eight hundred Years.  
When first my Ancestors from *Africk* sail'd,  
In *Rodrique's* Death your *Gothick* Title fail'd.

*D. Arcos.* The Successors of *Rodrique* still remain;  
And ever since have held some Part of *Spain*.  
Evn in the midst of your victorious Pow'rs  
Th' *Asturias*, and all *Portugal* were ours.  
You have no Right, except you Force allow;  
And if yours then was just, so ours is now.

*Boab.* 'Tis true; from Force the noblest Title springs;  
I therefore hold from that, which first made Kings.

*D. Arcos.* Since then by Force you prove your Title true,  
Ours must be just, because we claim from you.  
When with your Father you did jointly reign,  
Invading with your *Moors* the South of *Spain*,  
I, who that Day the Christians did command,  
Then took, and brought you bound to *Ferdinand*.

*Boab.* I'll hear no more; defer what you would say:  
In private we'll discourse some other Day.

*D. Arcos.* Sir, you shall hear, however you are loth,  
That, like a perjur'd Prince, you broke your Oath.  
To gain your Freedom you a Contract sign'd,  
By which your Crown you to my King resign'd.

From thenceforth as his Vassal holding it,  
 And paying Tribute such as he thought fit;  
 Contracting, when your Father came to die,  
 To lay aside all Marks of Royalty;  
 And at *Purchena* privately to live;  
 Which, in exchange, King *Ferdinand* did give.

*Boab.* The Force us'd on me made that Contract void.

*D. Arcos.* Why have you then its Benefits enjoy'd?  
 By it you had not only Freedom then,  
 But since had Aid of Mony and of Men.  
 And, when *Granada* for your Uncle held,  
 You were by us restor'd, and he expell'd.  
 Since that in Peace we let you reap your Grain,  
 Recall'd our Troops that us'd to beat your Plain;  
 And more——

*Almanz.* Yes, yes, you did with wond'rous Care  
 Against his Rebels prosecute the War,  
 While he secure in your Protection slept.  
 For him you took, but for your self you kept.  
 Thus, as some fawning Usurer does feed  
 With present Sums th' unwary Spendthrift's Need;  
 You sold your Kindness at a boundless rate,  
 And then o're-paid the Debt from his Estate:  
 Which, mould'ring piece-meal, in your Hands did fall;  
 'Till now at last you came to swoop it all.

*D. Arcos.* The Wrong you do my King I cannot bear;  
 Whose Kindness you would odiously compare.  
 Th' Estate was his; which yet, since you deny,  
 He's now content in his own Wrong to buy.

*Almanz.* And he shall buy it dear what his he calls:  
 We will not give one Stone from out these Walls.

*Boab.* Take this for Answer, then——  
 What e'er your Arms have conquer'd of my Land,  
 I will, for Peace, resign to *Ferdinand*:  
 To harder Terms my Mind I cannot bring;  
 But as I still have liv'd, will die a King.

*D. Arcos.* Since thus you have resolv'd, henceforth prepare  
 For all the last Extremities of War:  
 My King his hope from Heav'n's Assistance draws:

*Almanz.* The Moors have Heav'n and me to assist their Cause.

*Enter Esperanza.* [ *Exit Arcos.* ]

*Esper.* Fair *Almahide*  
 (Who did with weeping Eyes these Discords see,  
 And fears the Omen may unlucky be,)  
 Prepares a *Zambra* to be danced this Night,  
 In hope soft Pleasures may your Minds unite.



*Baob.* My Mistress gently chides the Fault I made:  
But tedious Business has my Love delay'd;  
Business, which dares the Joys of Kings invade.

*Almanz.* First let us sally out, and meet the Foe.

*Abdal.* Led on by you we on to Triumph go.

*Baob.* Then, with the Day let War and Tumult cease:  
The Night be sacred to our Love and Peace:

'Tis just some Joys on weary Kings should wait;

'Tis all we gain by being Slaves to State. *[Exeunt Omnes.]*

## A C T II.

*Abdalla, Abdelmelech, Ozmyr, Zulema, Hamet, and*  
*returning from the Sally.*

*Abdal.* **T**HIS happy Day does to *Granada* bring  
A lasting Peace, and Triumphs to the King:  
The two fierce Factions will no longer jar,  
Since they have now been Brothers in the War:  
Those, who apart in Emulation fought,  
The common Danger to one Body brought;  
And to his Cost the proud *Castilian* finds  
Our *Moorish* Courage in united Minds.

*Abdelm.* Since to each others Aid our Lives we owe,  
Lose we the Name of Faction and of Foe,  
Which I to *Zulema* can bear no more,  
Since *Lindaraxa's* Beauty I adore.

*Zul.* I am oblig'd to *Lindaraxa's* Charms,  
Which gain the Conquest I should lose by Arms;  
And wish my Sister may continue Fair,  
That I may keep a good,  
Of whose Possession I should else despair.

*Ozm.* While we indulge our common Happiness,  
He is forgot by whom we all possess;  
The brave *Almanzor*, to whose Arms we owe  
All that we did, and all that we shall do:  
Who, like a Tempest that out-rides the Wind,  
Made a just Battel e'er the Bodies join'd.

*Abdal.* His Victories we scarce could keep in view,  
Or polish 'em so fast as he rough-drew.

*Abdelm.* Fate, after him, below with Pain did move,  
And Victory could scarce keep Pace above.

Death did at length so many Slain forget;  
And lost the Tale, and took 'em by the great.

[To them Almanzor with the Duke of Arcos Prisoner.

*Hamet.* See here he comes,  
And leads in Triumph him who did command  
The vanquish'd Army of King *Ferdinand*:

[Almanzor to the Duke of Arcos.

Thus far your Master's Arms a Fortune find  
Below the swell'd Ambition of his Mind:  
And *Alba* shuts a Mis-believer's Reign  
From out the best and goodliest part of *Spain*.  
Let *Ferdinand Calabrian* Conquests make,  
And from the *French* contested *Milan* take,  
Let him new Worlds discover to the old,  
And break up shining Mountains big with Gold;  
Yet he shall find this small Domestick Foe,  
Still sharp, and pointed, to his Bosom grow;

*D. Arcos.* Of small Advantages too much you boast,  
You beat the Out-guards of my Master's Host:  
This little Loss, in our vast Body, shews  
So small, that half have never heard the News.  
Fame's out of Breath e'er she can fly so far  
To tell 'em all, that you have e'er made War.

*Almanz.* It pleases me your Army is so great:  
For now I know there's more to Conquer yet.  
By Heav'n I'll see what Troops you have behind;  
I'll face this Storm that thickens in the Wind:  
And, with bent Forehead, full against it go,  
'Till I have found the last and utmost Foe.

*D. Arcos.* Believe, you shall not long attend in vain,  
To Morrow's Dawn shall cover all the Plain.  
Bright Arms shall flash upon you from afar;  
A Wood of Lances, and a moving War.  
But I, unhappy in my Bands, must yet  
Be only pleas'd to hear of your Defeat:  
And, with a Slave's inglorious Ease remain,  
'Till conqu'ring *Ferdinand* has broke my Chain.

*Almanz.* Vain Man, thy hopes of *Ferdinand* are weak!  
I hold thy Chain too fast for him to break.  
But since thou threaten'st us, I'll set thee free,  
That I again may fight and conquer thee.

*D. Arcos.* Old as I am, I take thee at thy Word,  
And will to Morrow thank thee with my Sword.

*Almanz.* I'll go and instantly acquaint the King,  
And sudden Orders for thy Freedom bring.



Thou canst not be so pleas'd at Liberty,  
As I shall be to find thou dar'st be free.

[*Exeunt Almanzor, Arcos, and the rest;  
excepting only Abdalla and Zulema.*]

*Abdal.* Of all those Christians who infest this Town,  
This Duke of *Arcos* is of most Renown.

*Zul.* Oft have I heard, that in your Father's Reign,  
His bold Advent'ers beat the Neighb'ring Plain;  
Then, under *Ponce Leon's* Name he fought,  
And from our Triumphs many Prizes brought.  
'Till in Disgrace from *Spain* at length he went,  
And since continu'd long in Banishment.

*Abdal.* But see, your beauteous Sister does appear.

[*To them Lindaraxa.*]

*Zul.* By my Desire she came to find me here:

[*Zulema and Lindaraxa whisper; then Zulema  
goes out, and Lindaraxa is going after.*]

*Abdal.* Why, fairest *Lindaraxa*, do you fly [Staying her.  
A Prince, who at your Feet is proud to die?

*Lindaraxa.* Sir, I should blush to own so rude a thing, [Staying.  
As 'tis to shun the Brother of my King.

*Abdal.* In my hard Fortune I some Ease should find,  
Did your Disdain extend to all Mankind.  
But give me leave to grieve, and to complain,  
That you give others what I beg in vain.

*Lindar.* Take my Esteem, if you on that can live,  
For, frankly, Sir, 'tis all I have to give.  
If, from my Heart you ask or hope for more,  
I grieve the Place is taken up before.

*Abdal.* My Rival merits you.

To *Abdelmelech* I will Justice do;  
For he wants Worth who dares not praise a Foe.

*Lindar.* That for his Virtue, Sir, you make Defence,  
Shows in your own a noble Confidence:  
But him defending, and excusing me,  
I know not what can your Advantage be.

*Abdal.* I fain would ask, e'er I proceed in this,  
If, as by Choice, you are by Promise his?

*Lindar.* Th'Engagement only in my Love does lye,  
But that's a Knot which you can ne'er untie.

*Abdal.* When Cities are Besieg'd, and Treat to yield,  
If there appear Relievers from the Field,  
The Flag of Parley may be taken down,  
'Till the Success of those without are known.

*Lindar.* Though *Abdelmelech* has not yet possess'd,  
Yet I have seal'd the Treaty for my Breast.

*Abdal.*

*Abdal.* Your Treaty has not ty'd you to a Day;  
Some Chance might break it, would you but delay:  
If I can judge the Secrets of your Heart,  
Ambition in it has the greatest Part;  
And Wisdom then will shew some difference,  
Betwixt a private Person and a Prince.

*Lindar.* Princes are Subjects still——  
Subject and Subject can small Difference bring:  
The Difference is 'twixt Subjects and a King.  
And since, Sir, you are none, your Hopes remove;  
For less than Empire I'll not change my Love.

*Abdal.* Had I a Crown, all I should prize in it,  
Should be the Pow'r to lay it at your Feet.

*Lindar.* Had you that Crown, which you but wish, not hope,  
Then I, perhaps, might stoop, and take it up.  
But 'till your Wishes and your Hopes agree,  
You shall be still a private Man with me.

*Abdal.* If I am King, and if my Brother die——

*Lindar.* Two If's scarce make one Possibility.

*Abdal.* The Rule of Happiness by Reason I can;  
You may be happy with a private Man.

*Lindar.* That Happiness I may enjoy, 'tis true;  
But then that private Man must not be you.  
Where e'er I love, I'm happy in my Choice;  
If I make you so, you shall pay my Price.

*Abdal.* Why would you be so great?

*Lindar.* ——— Because I've seen,  
This Day, what 'tis to hope to be a Queen.  
Heav'n, how y'all watch'd each Motion of her Eye!  
None could be seen while *Almahide* was by,  
Because she is to be Her Majesty.

Why would I be a Queen! because my Face  
Would wear the Title with a better Grace.  
If I became it not, yet it would be  
Part of your Duty; then, to flatter me,  
These are but half the Charms of being Great;  
I would be somewhat——that I know not yet:

Yes; I avow th' Ambition of my Soul,  
To be that One to live without Control:  
And that's another Happiness to me,  
To be so happy as but one can be.

*Abdal.* Madam, (because I would all Doubts remove)  
Would you, were I a King, accept my Love?

*Lindar.* I would accept it; and, to show 'tis true,  
From any other Man as soon as you.



*Abdal.* Your sharp Replies make me not love you less;  
 But make me seek new Paths to Happiness.  
 What I design, by Time will best be seen.  
 You may be mine, and yet may be a Queen:  
 When you are so, your Word your Love assures.

*Lindar.* Perhaps not love you—but I will be yours.

[*He offers to take her Hand and kiss it.*]

Stay, Sir, that Grace I cannot yet allow;  
 Before you set the Crown upon my Brow.  
 That Favour which you seek—  
 Or *Abdelmelech* or a King must have,  
 When you are so, then you may be my Slave.

[*Exit; but looks smiling back on him.*]

*Abdal.* How e'er imperious in her Words she were,  
 Her parting Looks had nothing of Severe.  
 A glancing Smile allur'd me to command;  
 And her soft Fingers gently press'd my Hand.  
 I felt the Pleasure glide through ev'ry Part;  
 Her Hand went through me to my very Heart.  
 For such another Pleasure, did he live,  
 I could my Father of a Crown deprive.  
 What did I say!

Father! that impious Thought has shock'd my Mind:  
 How bold our Passions are, and yet how blind!  
 She's gone; and now  
 Methinks there is less Glory in a Crown;  
 My boiling Passions settle and go down:  
 Like Amber chaf'd, when she is near she acts,  
 When farther off, inclines, but not attracts.

[*To him Zulema.*]

Assist me, *Zulema*, if thou wouldst be  
 That Friend thou seem'st, assist me against me.  
 Betwixt my Love and Virtue I am toss'd;  
 This must be forfeited, or that be lost:  
 I could do much to merit thy Applause;  
 Help me to fortify the better Cause.  
 My Honour is not wholly put to Flight,  
 But would, if seconded, renew the Sight.

*Zul.* I met my Sister, but I do not see  
 What Difficulty in your Choice can be:  
 She told me all; and 'tis so plain a Case,  
 You need not ask what Counsel to embrace.

*Abdal.* I stand reprov'd that I did doubt at all;  
 My waiting Virtue stay'd but for thy Call:  
 'Tis plain that she, who, for a Kingdom, now  
 Would sacrifice her Love, and break her Vow,

Not out of Love but Int'rest acts alone,  
And would, ev'n in my Arms, lye thinking of a Throne.

*Zul.* Add to the rest this one Reflection more,  
When she is marry'd, and you still adore,  
Think then, and think what Comfort it will bring,  
She had been mine——

Had I but only dar'd to be a King.

*Abdal.* I hope you only would my Honour try;  
I'm loth to think you Virtue's Enemy.

*Zul.* If, when a Crown and Mistress are in place,  
Virtue intrudes with her lean holy Face;  
Virtue's then mine, and not I Virtue's Foe:  
Why does she come where she has nought to do?  
Let her with Anch'rites not with Lovers lye;  
States-men and they keep better Company.

*Abdal.* Reason was giv'n to curb our head-strong Will.

*Zul.* Reason but shews a weak Physician's Skill;  
Gives nothing while the raging Fit does last;  
But stays to cure it when the worst is past.  
Reason's a Staff for Age, when Nature's gone;  
But Youth is strong enough to walk alone.

*Abdal.* In curs'd Ambition I no Rest should find;  
But must for ever lose my Peace of Mind.

*Zul.* Methinks that Peace of Mind were bravely lost;  
A Crown, what e'er we give, is worth the Cost.

*Abdal.* Justice distributes to each Man his Right,  
But what she gives not, should I take by Might?

*Zul.* If Justice will take all and nothing give,  
Justice, methinks, is not distributive.

*Abdal.* Had Fate so pleas'd, I had been eldest born,  
And then, without a Crime, the Crown had worn.

*Zul.* Would you so please, Fate yet a way would find;  
Man makes his Fate according to his Mind.

The weak low Spirit Fortune makes her Slave,  
But she's a Drudge, when hector'd by the Brave.  
If Fate weaves common Thread, I'll change the Doom;  
And with new Purple spread a nobler Loom.

*Abdal.* No more;——I will usurp the Royal Seat;  
Thou, who hast made me wicked, make me great.

*Zul.* Your Way is plain; the Death of Tarifa  
Does on the King our Zephyr's Harred draw.

Though with our Enemies we show no love,  
'Tis but while we to purpose can be mov'd.

*Selin,* who heads us, would revenge his Son;  
But Favour hinders Justice to be done.

That he should your Word when he deny'd.



Proud *Ozmyn* with the King his Pow'r maintains;  
And, in him, each *Abencerrage* reigns.

*Abdal.* What face of any Title can I bring?

*Zul.* The Right an eldest Son has to be King.  
Your Father was at first a private Man,  
And got your Brother e'er his Reign began.

When by his Valour he the Crown had won,  
Then you were born, a Monarch's Eldest Son.

*Abdal.* To sharp-ey'd Reason this would seem untrue,  
But Reason I through Love's false Opticks view.

*Zul.* Love's mighty Pow'r has led me Captive too;  
I am in it unfortunate as you.

*Abdal.* Our Loves and Fortunes shall together go;  
Thou shalt be happy when I first am so.

*Zul.* The *Zegrys* at old *Selin's* House are met,

Where, in close Council, for Revenge they sit:

There we our common Interest will unite;

You their Revenge shall own, and they your Right.

One thing I had forgot, which may import;

I met *Almanzor* coming back from Court;

But with a discompos'd and speedy Pace,

A fiery Colour kindling all his Face:

The King his Pris'ner's Freedom has deny'd,

And that Refusal has provok'd his Pride.

*Abdal.* Would he were ours!

I'll try to gild th' Injustice of his Cause,

And court his Valour with a vast Applause.

*Zul.* The Bold are but the Instruments o'th' Wise:

They undertake the Dangers we advise.

And while our Fabrick with their Pains we raise,

We take the Profit, and pay them with Praise.

[Exit.]

## ACT III.

*Almanzor, Abdalla.*

*Almanz.* **T**HAT he should dare to do me this Disgrace!

Is Fool or Coward writ upon my Face?

Refuse my Pris'ner! I such Means will use,

He shall not have a Pris'ner to refuse.

*Abdal.* He said you were not by your Promise ty'd;  
That he absolv'd your Word when he deny'd.

*Almanz.*

*Almanz.* He break my Promise, and absolve my Vow!  
 'Tis more than *Mahomet* himself can do.  
 The Word which I have giv'n shall stand like Fate;  
 Not like the King's, that Weather-cock of State.  
 He stands so high, with so unfix'd a Mind,  
 Two Factions turn him with each Blast of Wind:  
 But now he shall not veer; my Word is past:  
 I'll take his Heart by th' Roots, and hold it fast.

*Abdal.* You have your Vengeance in your Hand this Hour,  
 Make me the humble Creature of your Pow'r:  
 The *Granadines* will gladly me obey;  
 (Tir'd with so base and impotent a Sway.)  
 And when I shew my Title, you shall see  
 I have a better Right to Reign, than he.

*Almanz.* It is sufficient that you make the Claim:  
 You wrong our Friendship when your Right you name.  
 When for my self I fight, I weigh the Cause;  
 But Friendship will admit of no such Laws:  
 That weighs by th'lump, and, when the Cause is light,  
 Puts Kindness in to set the Ballance right.  
 True, I would wish my Friend the juster side:  
 But in th'unjust my Kindness more is try'd.  
 And all the Opposition I can bring,  
 Is, that I fear to make you such a King.

*Abdal.* The Majesty of Kings we should not blame,  
 When Royal Minds adorn the Royal Name:  
 The Vulgar, Greatness too much Idolize,  
 But haughty Subjects it too much despise.

*Almanz.* I only speak of him,  
 Whom Pomp and Greatness sit so loose about,  
 That he wants Majesty to fill them out.

*Abdal.* Hasten then, and lose no time—  
 The Business must be enterpriz'd this Night.  
 We must surprize the Court in its Delight.

*Almanz.* For you to Will, for me 'tis to Obey;  
 But I would give a Crown in open Day:  
 And, when the *Spaniards* their Assault begin,  
 At once beat those without, and these within. [Exit Almanzor.]

Enter Abdelmelech.

*Abdelm.* *Abdalla*, hold; there's somewhat I intend  
 To speak, not as your Rival, but your Friend.

*Abdal.* If as a Friend, I am oblig'd to hear;  
 And what a Rival says I cannot fear.

*Abdelm.* Think, brave *Abdalla*, what it is you do:  
 Your Quiet, Honour, and our Friendship too,  
 All for a fickle Beauty you forego.



Think, and turn back, before it be too late;  
Behold in me th' Example of your Fate.  
I am your Sea-mark and though wrack'd and lost,  
My Ruins stand to warn you from the Coast.

*Abdal.* Your Councils, noble *Abdelmelech*, move  
My Reason to accept 'em; not my Love.  
Ah, why did Heav'n leave Man so weak Defence,  
To trust frail Reason with the Rule of Sense!  
'Tis over-poss'd; and kick'd up in the Air,  
While Sense weighs down the Scale, and keeps it there.  
Or, like a Captive King, 'tis born away;  
And forc'd to count'nance its own Rebel's Sway.

*Abdelm.* No, no; our Reason was not vainly lent;  
Nor is a Slave, but by its own Consent:  
If Reason on his Subject's Triumph wait,  
An easie King deserves no better Fate.

*Abdal.* You speak too late; my Empire's lost too far,  
I cannot fight.

*Abdelm.* ——— Then make a flying War;  
Dislodge betimes before you are beset.

*Abdal.* Her Tears, her Smiles, her ev'ry Look's a Net;  
Her Voice is like a Syren's of the Land;  
And bloody Hearts lye panting in her Hand.

*Abdelm.* This do you know, and tempt the Danger still?

*Abdal.* Love, like a Lethargy, has seiz'd my Will.  
I'm not my self, since from her sight I went;  
I lean my Trunk that way, and there stand bent.  
As one, who in some frightful Dream, would shun  
His pressing Foe, labours in vain to run;  
And his own Slowness in his Sleep bemoans,  
With thick short Sighs, weak Cries, and tender Groans;  
So I ———

*Abdelm.* ——— Some Friend, in Charity, should shake  
And rouse, and call you loudly 'till you wake.  
Too well I know her Blandishments to gain,  
Usurper-like, 'till settl'd in her Reign;  
Then proudly she insults, and gives you Cares  
And Jealousies; short Hopes, and long Despairs:  
'To this hard Yoke you must hereafter bow;  
How e'er she shines all Golden to you now.

*Abdal.* Like him, who on the Ice ———  
Slides swiftly on, and sees the Water near,  
Yet cannot stop himself in his Career:  
So am I carry'd. This Enchanted Place,  
Like *Circe's Isle*, is Peopl'd with a Race.

Of Dogs and Swine, yet, though their Fate I know,  
I look with Pleasure, and am turning too.

[Lyndaraxa passes over the Stage.

*Abdelm.* Fly, fly, before th' Allurements of her Face;  
E'er she return with some resistless Grace,  
And with new Magick covers all the Place.

*Abdal.* I cannot, will not; nay, I would not fly;  
I'll love, be blind, be cozen'd 'till I die.  
And you, who bid me wiser Counsel take,  
I'll hate, and, if I can, I'll kill you for her sake.

*Abdelm.* Ev'n I that counsell'd you, that Choice approve;  
I'll hate you blindly, and her blindly love:  
Prudence, that stemm'd the Stream, is out of Breath;  
And to go down it is the easier Death.

Lyndaraxa Re-enters, and smiles on Abdalla.

[Exit Abdalla.

*Abdelm.* That Smile on Prince *Abdalla*, seems to say  
You are not in your killing Mood to Day;  
Men brand, indeed, your Sex with Cruelty,  
But you're too good to see poor Lovers die.  
This God-like Pity in you I extol;  
And more, because, like Heaven's, 'tis general.

*Lyndar.* My Smile implies not that I grant his Suit:  
'Twas but a bare Return of his Salute.

*Abdelm.* It said, you were engag'd, and I in Place:  
But, to please both, you would divide the Grace.

*Lyndar.* You've Cause to be contented with your Part,  
When he has but the Look, and you the Heart.

*Abdelm.* In giving but that Look, you give what's mine:  
I'll not one corner of a Glance resign:  
All's mine; and I am cov'rous of my Store:  
I have not Love enough, I'll tax you more.

*Lyndar.* I gave not Love; 'twas but Civility:  
He is a Prince; that's due to his Degree.

*Abdelm.* That Prince you smil'd on is my Rival still;  
And should, if me you lov'd, be treated ill.

*Lyndar.* I know not how to show so rude a Spight.

*Abdelm.* That is, you know not how to love aright;  
Or, if you did, you would more difference see  
Betwixt our Souls, than 'twixt our Quality.

Mark, if his Birth makes any difference,  
If, to his Words, it adds one grain of Sense:  
That Duty which his Birth can make his due,  
I'll pay, but it shall not be paid by you.

For if a Prince Courts her whom I adore,  
He is my Rival, and a Prince no more.

*Lyndar.*



*Lyndar.* And when did I my Pow'r so far resign,  
That you should regulate each Look of mine?

*Abdelm.* Then, when you gave your Love, you gave that Pow'r.

*Lyndar.* 'Twas during Pleasure, 'tis revok'd this Hour.  
Now call me false, and rail on Womankind,  
'Tis all the Remedy you're like to find.

*Abdelm.* Yes, there's one more,  
I'll hate you, and this Visit is my last.

*Lyndar.* Do't, if you can; you know I hold you fast.  
Yet, for your Quiet, would you could resign  
Your Love, as easily as I do mine.

*Abdelm.* Furies and Hell, how unconcern'd she speaks!  
With what indifference all her Vows she breaks!  
Curse on me; but she smiles.

*Lyndar.* That Smile's a part of Love; and all's your Due:  
I take it from the Prince, and give it you.

*Abdelm.* Just Heav'n, must my poor Heart your May-game prove,  
To Bandy, and make Children's Play in Love? [*Half Crying.*]  
Ah! how have I this Cruelty deserv'd?  
I, who so truly and so long have serv'd!  
And left so easily! oh cruel Maid!  
So easily! 'twas too unkindly said.  
That Heart which could so easily remove,  
Was never fix'd, nor rooted deep in Love.

*Lyndar.* You lodg'd it so uneasy in your Breast,  
I thought you had been weary of the Guest,  
First I was treated like a Stranger there;  
But, when a Household Friend I did appear,  
You thought, it seems, I could not live elsewhere.  
Then, by degrees, your feign'd Respect withdrew:  
You mark'd my Actions, and my Guardian grew.  
But, I am not concern'd your Acts to blame:  
My Heart to yours but upon Liking came;  
And, like a Bird, whom prying Boys molest,  
Stays not to breed, where she had built her Nest.

*Abdelm.* I have done ill—  
And dare not ask you to be less displeas'd:  
Be but more angry, and my Pain is eas'd.

*Lyndar.* If I should be so kind a Fool, to take  
This little Satisfaction which you make,  
I know you would presume some other time  
Upon my Goodness, and repeat your Crime.

*Abdelm.* Oh never, never, upon no Pretence;  
My Life's too short to expiate this Offence.

*Lyndar.* No, now I think on't, 'tis in vain to try;  
'Tis in your Nature, and past Remedy.

You'll

You'll still disquiet my too loving Heart:

Now we are Friends 'tis best for both to part. *(Taking her Hand.)*

*Abdelm.* By this—Will you not give me leave to swear!

*Lyndar.* You would be perjur'd if you should, I fear.  
And when I talk with Prince *Abdalla* next,  
I with your fond Suspicions shall be vex'd.

*Abdelm.* I cannot say I'll conquer Jealousie;  
But, if you'll freely pardon me, I'll try.

*Lyndar.* And, 'till you that submissive Servant prove,  
I never can conclude you truly love.

To them, the King, *Almahide*, *Abenamar*, *Esperanza*, *Guards*, *Attendants*.

*King.* Approach, my *Almahide*, my charming Fair;  
Blessing of Peace, and Recompence of War.

This Night is yours; and may your Life still be  
The same in Joy, though not Solemnity.

## The Zambra Dance.

### S O N G.

*1.*  
Beneath a Myrtle Shade,

Which Love for none but happy Lovers made,  
I slept; and straight my Love before me brought  
Phillis, the Object of my waking Thought:  
Undress'd she came my Flames to meet,  
While Love strow'd Flowers beneath her Feet;  
Flowers, which so press'd by her, became more sweet.

*2.*  
From the bright Vision's Head

A careless Veil of Lawn was loosely spread;  
From her white Temples fell her shaded Hair,  
Like cloudy Sun-shine, not too brown nor fair;  
Her Hands, her Lips did Love inspire,  
Her ev'ry Grace my Heart did fire:  
But most her Eyes, which languish'd with Desire.

*3.*  
Ah, charming Fair, said I,

How long can you my Bless and yours deny?  
By Nature and by Love, this lonely Shade  
Was for revenge of suffering Lovers made.  
Silence and Shades with Love agree:  
Both shelter you and favour me;  
You cannot blush, because I cannot see.



No, let me die, she said,  
Rather than lose the spotless Name of Maid:  
Faintly, methought, she spoke; for all the while  
She bid me not believe her, with a Smile;  
Then die, said I: She still deny'd;  
And is it thus, thus, thus, she cry'd,  
You use a harmless Maid; and so she dy'd!

I wak'd, and straight I knew  
I lov'd so well, it made my Dream prove true:  
Fancy, the kinder Mistress of the two,  
Fancy had done what Phillis would not do!  
Ah, cruel Nymph, cease your Disdain,  
While I can dream you scorn in vain!  
Asleep or waking you must ease my Pain.

[After the Dance, a tumultuous Noise  
of Drums and Trumpets.

To them Ozmyn; his Sword drawn.

Ozm. Arm, quickly, arm; yet all, I fear, too late:  
The Enemy's already at the Gate.

Boab. The Christians are dislodg'd; what Foe is near?

Ozm. The Zegrys are in Arms, and almost here.  
The Streets with Torches shine, with Shoutings ring,  
And Prince Abdalla is proclaim'd the King.  
What Man could do I have already done,  
But bold Almanzor fiercely leads 'em on.

Aben. Th' Alhambra yet is safe in my Command, [To the King.  
Retreat you thither while their Shock we stand.

Boab. I cannot meanly for my Life provide;  
I'll either perish in't, or stem this Tide.

To guard the Palace, Ozmye, be your Care;  
If they o'ercome, no Sword will hurt the Fair.

Ozm. I'll either die, or I'll make good the Place.

Abdelm. And I, with these, will bold Almanzor face.

[Exeunt all but the Ladies. An Alarm within.

Almah. What dismal Planet did my Triumphs light?  
Discord the Day, and Death does rule the Night!  
The Noise my Soul does through my Senses wound.

Lyndar. Methinks it is a noble, sprightly Sound.  
The Trumpet's Clangor, and the Clash of Arms!  
This Noise may chill your Blood, but mine in warmth runs.

[Shouting and clashing of Swords within.

We have already pass'd the Rubicon.  
The Dice are mine; now, Fortune, for a Throne.

[A Shout within, and clashing of Swords afar off.

The

The Sound goes farther off, and faintly dies;  
Curse of this going back, these ebbing Cries!  
Ye Winds, waft hither Sounds more strong and quick;  
Beat faster, Drums, and mingle Deaths more thick.

I'll to the Turrets of the Palace go,  
And add new Fire to those that light below:  
Thence, Hero-like, with Torches by my side,  
(Far be the Omen, tho') my Love I'll guide.  
No; like his better Fortune I'll appear,  
With open Arms, loose Veil, and flowing Hair,  
Just flying forward from my rolling Sphere:  
My Smiles shall make *Abdalla* more than Man;  
Let him look up and perish if he can.

[Exit.

*An Alarm nearer: Then Enter Almanzor and Selin, in the  
Head of the Zegrays; Osmyn Prisoner.*

*Almanz.* We have not fought enough; they fly too soon:  
And I am griev'd the noble Sport is done.  
This only Man, of all whom Chance did bring

[Pointing to Osmyn.

To meet my Arms, was worth the Conquering.  
His brave Resistance did my Fortune grace;  
So slow, so threatening forward he gave Place.  
His Chains be easie, and his Usage fair.

*Selin.* I beg you would commit him to my Care.

*Almanz.* Next, the brave *Spaniard* free without delay;  
And with a Convoy send him safe away.

[Exit a Guard.

*To these Hamet and others.*

*Hamet.* The King by me salutes you; and, to show  
That to your Valour he his Crown does owe,  
Would from your Mouth I should the Word receive;  
And that to these you would your Orders give.

*Almanz.* He much o'er-rates the little I have done.

[Almanzor goes to the Door, and there seems to give  
out Orders, by sending People several Ways.

*Selin to Osmyn.*

Now to revenge the Murder of my Son.  
To Morrow for thy certain Death prepare;  
This Night I only leave thee to despair.

*Osmyn.* Thy idle Menaces I do not fear:  
My Bus'ness was to die or conquer here.  
Sister, for you I grieve I could no more;  
My present State betrays my want of Pow'r.  
But, when true Courage is of Force bereft,  
Patience, the only Fortitude, is left.

[Exit cum Selin.

*Almah.* Ah, *Esperanza*, what for me remains  
But Death; or, worse than Death, inglorious Chains!



*Esper.* Madam, you must not to Despair give place;  
 Heav'n never meant Misfortune to that Face.  
 Suppose there were no Justice in your Cause,  
 Beauty's a Bribe that gives her Judges Laws.  
 That you are brought to this deplor'd Estate,  
 Is but th'ingenious Flattery of your Fate;  
 Fate fears her Succour, like an Alms, to give;  
 And would you, God-like, from your self should live.

*Almah.* Mark but how terribly his Eyes appear!  
 And yet there's something roughly noble there,  
 Which, in unfashion'd Nature, looks Divine;  
 And like a Gem does in the Quarry shine.

[*Almanzor returns; she falls at his Feet being veild.*]

*Almah.* Turn, mighty Conqueror, turn your Face this way,  
 Do not refuse to hear the wretched pray.

*Almanz.* What business can this Woman have with me?

*Almah.* That of th'afflicted to the Deity.  
 So may your Arms Success in Battels find;  
 So may the Mistress of your Vows be kind,  
 If you have any; or, if you have none,  
 So may your Liberty be still your own.

*Almanz.* Yes, I will turn my Face, but not my Mind;  
 You Bane and soft Destruction of Mankind,  
 What would you have with me?

*Almah.* ————— I beg the grace  
 You would lay by those Terrors of your Face.  
 'Till Calmness to your Eyes you first restore,  
 I am afraid, and I can beg no more.

[*Unveiling.*]

*Almanz. looking fixedly on her.*

Well; my fierce Visage shall not murder you:  
 Speak quickly, Woman; I have much to do.

*Almah.* Where should I find the Heart to speak one Word?  
 Your Voice, Sir, is as killing as your Sword.  
 As you have left the Lightning of your Eye,  
 So would you please to lay your Thunder by.

*Almanz.* I'm pleas'd and pain'd, since first her Eyes I saw,  
 As I were stung with some *Tarantula*:  
 Arms and the dusty Field I less admire,  
 And soften strangely in some new Desire.  
 Honour burns in me not so fiercely bright,  
 But pale, as Fires when master'd by the Light.  
 Ev'n while I speak and look, I change yet more;  
 And now am nothing that I was before.  
 I'm mumm'd, and fix'd, and scarce my Eye-balls move;  
 I fear it is the Lethary of Love!

'Tis he; I feel him now in ev'ry Part:  
Like a new Lord he vaunts about my Heart,  
Surveys in State each corner of my Breast,  
While poor fierce I, that was, am dispossess'd.  
I'm bound; but I will rouse my Rage again:  
And though no hope of Liberty remain,  
I'll fright my Keeper when I shake my Chain.  
You are——

[Angerly.]

*Almah.* —— I know I am your Captive, Sir.

*Almanz.* You are——You shall——And I can scarce forbear——

*Almah.* Alas!

*Almanz.* 'Tis all in vain; it will not do:

[Aside.]

I cannot now a seeming Anger show:  
My Tongue against my Heart no Aid affords,  
For Love still rises up, and choaks my Words.

*Almah.* In half this time a Tempest would be still.

*Almanz.* 'Tis you have rais'd that Tempest in my Will.

I wo't love you, give me back my Heart;  
But give it as you had it, fierce and brave;  
It was not made to be a Woman's Slave:  
But, Lion-like, has been in Desarts bred;  
And, us'd to range, will ne'er be tamely led.  
Restore its Freedom to my fetter'd Will,  
And then I shall have Pow'r to use you ill.

*Almah.* My sad Condition may your Pity move;  
But look not on me with the Eyes of Love.——  
I must be brief, though I have much to say.

*Almanz.* No, speak; for I can hear you now, all Day:  
Her suing sooths me with a secret Pride:  
A suppliant Beauty cannot be deny'd:  
Ev'n while I frown, her Charms the Furrows seize;  
And I'm corrupted with the Pow'r to please.

[Softly.]

[Aside.]

*Almah.* Though in your worth no Cause of Fear I see;  
I fear the Insolence of Victory:  
As you are Noble, Sir, protect me then,  
From the rude Outrage of insulting Men.

*Almanz.* Who dares touch her I love? I'm all o'er Love:  
Nay, I am Love; Love shot, and shot so fast,  
He shot himself into my Breast at last.

*Almah.* You see before you her who should be Queen,  
Since she is promis'd to Boabdelin.

*Almanz.* Are you belov'd by him! O wretched Fate,  
First that I love at all; then, lov'd too late!  
Yet, I must love!

*Almah.* —— Alas, it is in vain;  
Fate for each other did not us ordain.



The Chances of this Day too clearly show  
That Heav'n took Care that it should not be so.

*Almanz.* Would Heav'n had quite forget me this one Day,  
But Fate's yet hot——  
I'll make it take a bent another way.

*[He walks swiftly and discomposedly, studying.]*

I bring a Claim which does his Right remove:  
You're his by Promise, but you're mine by Love.

'Tis all but Ceremony which is past:  
The Knot's to tie which is to make you fast.

Fate gave not to *Boabdelin* that Pow'r:

He Woo'd you but as my Ambassador.

*Almah.* Our Souls are ty'd by Holy Vows above.

*Almanz.* He sign'd but his; but I will seal my Love.

I love you better; with more Zeal than he:

*Almah.* This Day——

I gave my Faith to him, he his to me.

*Almanz.* Good Heav'n, thy Book of Fate before me lay,

But to tear out the Journal of this Day.

Or, if the Order of the World below

Will not the Gap of one whole Day allow,

Give me that Minute when she made her Vow.

"That Minute, ev'n the happy from their Bliss might give,

"And those who live in Grief a shorter time would live.

So small a Link, if broke, th' Eternal Chain

Would, like divided Waters, join again.

It wo'not be; the Fugitive is gone;

Prest by the Crowd of following Minutes on:

That precious Moments out of Nature fled,

And in the Heap of common Rubbish laid,

Of things that once have been, and are decay'd.

*Almah.* Your Passion, like a Fright, suspends my Pain:

It meets, o'er-pow'rs, and beats mine back again:

But, as when Tides against the Current flow,

The Native Stream runs its own Course below:

So, though your Grievs possess the upper Part,

My own have deeper Channels in my Heart.

*Almanz.* Forgive that Fury which my Soul does move,

'Tis the Essay of an untaught first Love.

Yet rude, unfashion'd Truth it does express:

'Tis Love just peeping in a hasty Dress.

Retire, Fair Creature, to your needful Rest;

There's something Noble lab'ring in my Breast:

This raging Fire, which through the Mass does move,

Shall purge my Dross, and shall refine my Love.

*[Exeunt Almahide and Esperanza.]*

She

She goes, and I like my own Ghost appear;  
It is not living, when she is not here.

[To him Abdal as King, attended.]

*Abdal.* My first Acknowledgments to Heav'n are due:  
My next, *Almanzor*, let me pay to you.

*Almanz.* A poor Surprise, and on a naked Foe.  
What ever you confess, is all you owe.  
And I no Merit own, or understand  
That Fortune did you Justice by my Hand.  
Yet, if you will that little Service pay  
With a great Favour, I can shew the way.

*Abdal.* I have a Favour to demand of you;  
That is, to take the thing for which you sue.

*Almanz.* Then, briefly, thus; when I th' *Albayzyn* won,  
I found the beauteous *Almahide* alone:  
Whose sad Condition did my Pity move:  
And that Compassion did produce my Love.

*Abdal.* This needs no Suit; in Justice, I declare,  
She is your Captive by the Right of War.

*Almanz.* She is no Captive then; I set her free:  
And, rather than I will her Jailor be,  
I'll nobly lose her in her Liberty.

*Abdal.* Your Generosity I much approve;  
But your excess of that shows want of Love.

*Almanz.* No, 'tis th' excess of Love, which mounts so high,  
That, seen far off, it lessens to the Eye.  
Had I not lov'd her, and had set her free,  
That, Sir, had been my Generosity:  
But 'tis exalted Passion, when I show  
I dare be wretched, not to make her so.  
And, while another Passion fills her Breast,  
I'll be all wretched rather than half blest.

*Abdal.* May your Heroick Act so prosperous be,  
That *Almahide* may sigh you set her free.

*Enter Zulema.*

*Zul.* Of Five tall Tow'rs which fortifie this Town,  
All but th' *Alhambra* your Dominion own.  
Now therefore boldly I confess a Flame,  
Which is excus'd in *Almahide's* Name.  
If you the Merit of this Night regard,  
In her Possession I have my Reward.

*Almanz.* She your Reward! why, she's a Gift so great —  
That I my self have not deserv'd her yet,  
And therefore, though I won her with my Sword,  
I have, with awe, my Sacrilege restor'd.



*Zul.* What you deserve——  
I'll not dispute, because I do not know.  
This only I will say, She shall not go.

*Almanz.* Thou, single, art not worth my answering,  
But take what Friends, what Armies thou canst bring;  
What Worlds; and when you are united all,  
Then, I will thunder in your Ears.——She shall.

*Zul.* I'll not one Tittle of my Right resign;  
Sir, your implicate Promise made her mine.  
When I in general Terms my Love did show,  
You swore our Fortunes should together go.

*Abdal.* The Merits of the Cause I'll not decide,  
But, like my Love, I would my Gift divide,  
Your equal Tirtles then no longer plead;  
But one of you for love of me recede.

*Almanz.* I have receded to the utmost Line,  
When, by my free Consent, she is not mine.  
Then let him equally recede with me,  
And both of us will join to set her free.

*Zul.* If you will free your part of her you may;  
But, Sir, I love not your Romantick way.  
Dream on; enjoy her Soul, and set that free;  
I'm pleas'd her Person should be left for me.

*Almanz.* Thou shalt not wish her thine; thou shalt not dare  
To be so impudent, as to despair.

*Zul.* The *Zegrys*, Sir, are all concern'd to see  
How much their Merit you neglect in me.

*Hamet.* Your slighting *Zulema*, this very Hour  
Will take ten thousand Subjects from your Pow'r.

*Almanz.* What are ten thousand Subjects such as they?  
If I am scorn'd——I'll take my self away.

*Abdal.* Since both cannot possess what both pursue;  
I grieve, my Friend, the Chance should fall on you.  
But when you hear what Reasons I can urge——

*Almanz.* None, none that your Ingratitude can purge.  
Reason's a Trick, when it no Grant affords:  
It stamps the Face of Majesty on Words.

*Abdal.* Your Boldness to your Services I give:  
Now take it as your full Reward to live.

*Almanz.* To live!  
If from my Hands alone my Death can be,  
I am Immortal, and a God to thee.  
If I would kill thee now, thy Fate's so low  
That I must stoop e'er I can give the Blow.  
But mine is fix'd so far above thy Crown,

That all thy Men,  
 Pil'd on thy Back, can never pull it down.  
 But at my Ease thy Destiny I send,  
 By ceasing from this Hour to be thy Friend.  
 Like Heav'n, I need but only to stand still;  
 And, not concurring to thy Life, I kill.  
 Thou canst no Title to my Duty bring;  
 I'm not thy Subject, and my Soul's thy King.  
 Farewel: When I am gone  
 There's not a Star of thine dare stay with thee:  
 I'll whistle thy tame Fortune after me;  
 And whirl Fate with me wheresoe'er I fly:  
 As Winds drive Storms before 'em in the Sky.

[Exit.

*Zul.* Let not this Insolent unpunish'd go;  
 Give your Commands; your Justice is too slow.

[Zulema, Hamet and others are going after him.

*Abdal.* Stay; and what Part he pleases let him take:  
 I know my Throne's too strong for him to shake.  
 But my fair Mistress I too long forget;  
 The Crown I promis'd is not offer'd yet.  
 Without her Presence all my Joys are vain,  
 Empire a Curse, and Life it self a Pain.

[Exeunt.

## ACT IV.

Boabdelin, Abenamar, Guards.

*Boab.* **A**dvise, or aid, but do not pity me;  
 No Monarch born can fall to that degree.  
 Pity descends from Kings to all below;  
 But can, no more than Fountains, upward flow.  
 Witness, just Heav'n, my greatest Grief has been  
 I could not make your *Almahide* a Queen.

*Aben.* I have too long th'effects of Fortune known,  
 Either to trust her Smiles, or fear her Frown.  
 Since in their first Attempt you were not slain,  
 Your Safety bodes you yet a second Reign.  
 The People like a headlong Torrent go,  
 And ev'ry Dam they break, or overflow;  
 But unoppos'd they either lose their Force,  
 Or wind in Volumes to their former Course.

*Boab.* In Walls we meanly must our Hopes inclose,  
 To wait our Friends, and weary out our Foes;  
 While *Almahide*

To



To lawless Rebels is expos'd a Prey,  
And forc'd the lustful Victor to obey.

*Aben.* One of my Blood, in Rules of Virtue bred!  
Think better of her, and believe she's dead. [To them *Almanzor.*

*Boab.* We are betray'd, the Enemy is here;  
We have no farther room to hope or fear.

*Almanz.* It is indeed *Almanzor* whom you see,  
But he no longer is your Enemy.

You were ungrateful, but your Foes were more;  
What your Injustice lost you, theirs restore.

Make Profit of my Vengeance while you may,  
My two-edg'd Sword can cut the other way.

I am your Fortune; but am swift, like her,  
And turn my hairy Front if you defer.

That Hour, when you deliberate, is too late;  
I point you the white Moment of your Fate.

*Aben.* Believe him sent as Prince *Abdalla's* Spy;  
He would betray us to the Enemy.

*Almanz.* Were I, like thee, in Cheats of State grown old,  
(Those publick Markets, where, for foreign Gold,  
The poorest Prince is to the richest fold;)

Then thou might'st think me fit for that low Part:  
But I am yet to learn the States-man's Art.

My Kindness and my Hate unmask'd I wear;  
For Friends to trust, and Enemies to fear.

My Heart's so plain,  
That Men on ev'ry passing through may look,  
Like Fishes gliding in a Chrystal Brook:  
When troubled most, it does the Bottom show,  
'Tis weedless all above, and rockless all below.

*Aben.* E'er he be trusted let him then be try'd;  
He may be false who once has chang'd his Side.

*Almanz.* In that you more accuse your selves than me:  
None who are injur'd can unconstant be.

You were unconstant; you, who did the Wrong;  
To do me Justice does to me belong.

Great Souls by Kindness only can be ry'd;  
Injur'd again, again I'll leave your Side.

Honour is what my self and Friends I owe;  
And none can lose it who forsake a Foe.

Since, then, your Foes now happen to be mine,  
Though not in Friendship, we'll in Interest join.

So, while my lov'd Revenge is full and high,  
I'll give you back your Kingdom by the by.

*Boabdlin embracing him.*

That I so long delay'd what you desire,  
Was not to doubt your Worth, but to admire,

*Almanz.*

*Almanz.* This Counsellor an old Man's Caution shows,  
Who fears that little he has left to lose:  
Age sets Fortune; while Youth boldly throws,  
But let us first your drooping Soldiers cheer;  
Then seek out Danger, e'er it dare appear.  
This Hour I fix your Crown upon your Brow;  
Next Hour Fate gives it, but I give it now. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.

*Lyndaraxa alone.*

O could I read the dark Decrees of Fate,  
That I might once know whom to love or hate!  
For I my self scarce my own Thoughts can guess,  
So much I find them vary'd by Success.  
As in some Weather-glass my Love I hold;  
Which falls or rises with the Heat or Cold.  
I will be constant yet, if Fortune can;  
I love the King, let her but name the Man.

*To her Halyma.*

*Hal.* Madam, a Gentleman, to me unknown,  
Desires that he may speak with you alone.

*Lyndar.* Some Message from the King: Let him appear.

*To her Abdelmelech; who, Entering, throws off his Disguise.*

*She starts.*

*Abdelm.* I see you are amaz'd that I am here:  
But let at once your Fear and Wonder end;  
In the Usurper's Guards I found a Friend,  
Who led me to you safe in this Disguise.

*Lyndar.* Your Danger brings this Trouble in my Eyes.  
But what Affair this vent'rous Visit drew?

*Abdelm.* The greatest in the World; the seeing you.

*Lyndar.* The Courage of your Love I so admire,  
That, to preserve you, you shall straight retire.

*[She leads him to the Door.]*

Go, Dear; each Minute does new Dangers bring;  
You will be taken; I expect the King.

*Abdelm.* The King! the poor Usurper of an Hour;  
His Empire's but a Dream of Kingly Pow'r.  
I warn you, as a Lover and a Friend,  
To leave him e'er his short Dominion end.  
The Soldier I suborn'd will wait at Night;  
And shall alone be conscious of your Flight.

*Lyndar.* I thank you, that you so much Care bestow;  
But, if his Reign be short, I need not go.



For why should I expose my Life and yours,  
For what, you say, a little Time assures?

*Abdelm.* My Danger in th' Attempt is very small:  
And, if he loves you, yours is none at all.  
But, though his Ruin be as sure as Fate,  
Your proof of Love to me would come too late.  
This Trial I, in Kindness, would allow;  
'Tis easie, if you love me, show it now.

*Lyndar.* It is because I love you, I refuse;  
For all the World my Conduct would accuse,  
If I should go, with him I love, away:  
And therefore, in strict Virtue, I will stay.

*Abdelm.* You would in vain dissemble Love to me:  
Through that thin Veil your Artifice I see.  
You would expect th' Event, and then declare:  
But do not, do not drive me to Despair.  
For, if you now refuse with me to fly,  
Rather than love you after this I'll die:  
And therefore weigh it well before you speak;  
My King is safe, his Force within not weak.

*Lyndar.* The Counsel you have giv'n me, may be wise:  
But, since th' Affair is great, I will advise.

*Abdelm.* Then that Delay I for Denial take. ——— [Is going.

*Lyndar.* Stay, you too swift an Exposition make.  
If I should go, since *Zulema* will stay,  
I should my Brother to the King betray.

*Abdelm.* There is no Fear; but, if there were, I see  
You value still your Brother more than me.  
Farewel; some Ease I in your Fallhood find;  
It lets a Beam in, that will clear my Mind.  
My Former Weakness I with Shame confess,  
And when I see you next shall love you less. [Is going again.

*Lyndar.* Your faithless Dealings you may blush to tell: [Weeping.  
This is a Maid's Reward, who loves too well. [He looks back.  
Remember that I drew my latest Breath  
In charging your Unkindness with my Death.

*Abdelm. coming back,*

Have I not answer'd all you can invent,  
Ev'n the least shadow of an Argument?

*Lyndar.* You want not Cunning what you please to prove;  
But my poor Heart knows only how to love.  
And, finding this, you Tyrannize the more:  
'Tis plain, some other Mistress you adore;  
And now, with study'd Tricks of Subtilty,  
You come prepar'd to lay the Fault on me. [Wringing her Hands.

But

But oh, that I should love so false a Man!

*Abdelm.* Hear me, and then disprove it, if you can.

*Lyndar.* I'll hear no more; your Breach of Faith is plain:  
You would with Wit your want of Love maintain.

But, by my own Experience, I can tell,

They who love truly cannot argue well,

Go, Faithless Man!

Leave me alone to mourn my Misery:

I cannot cease to love you, but I'll die.

[Leans her Head on his Arm.

*Abdelm.* What Man but I so long unmov'd could hear [Weeping.  
Such tender Passion, and refuse a Tear!

But do not talk of dying any more,

Unless you mean that I should die before.

*Lyndar.* I fear your feign'd Repentance comes too late  
I die to see you still thus obstinate.

But yet, in Death, my Truth of Love to show,

Lead me; if I have Strength enough I'll go.

*Abdelm.* By Heav'n you shall not go: I will not be  
O'ercome in Love or Generosity.

All I desire, to end th' unlucky Strife,

Is but a Vow that you will be my Wife.

*Lyndar.* To tie me to you by a Vow, is hard;

It shows my Love you as no Tie regard.

Name any thing but that, and I'll agree.

*Abdelm.* Swear then, you never will my Rivals be.

*Lyndar.* Nay, prithee, this is harder than before;

Name any thing, good Dear, but that thing more.

*Abdelm.* Now I too late perceive I am undone:

Living and seeing, to my Death I run.

I know you false, yet in your Snares I fall;

You grant me nothing, and I grant you all.

*Lyndar.* I would grant all; but I must curb my Will,

Because I love to keep you jealous still.

In your Suspicion I your Passion find:

But I will take a time to cure your Mind.

*Halyma.* Oh, Madam, the new King is drawing near!

*Lyndar.* Haste quickly hence, lest he should find you here.

*Abdelm.* How much more wretched than I came, I go:

I more my Weakness and your Falshood know;

And now must leave you with my greatest Foe!

[Exit Abdelmelech.

*Lyndar.* Go, how I love thee Heav'n can only tell.

And yet I love thee, for a Subject, well.—

Yet, whatsoever Charms a Crown can bring,

A Subject's greater than a little King.



I will attend 'till time this Throne secure;  
 And, when I climb, my Footing shall be sure. [Musick without.  
 Musick! and, I believe, address'd to me.

# S O N G.

1.

**W**HERE ever I am, and what ever I do,  
 My Phillis is still in my Mind:  
 When angry I mean not to Phillis to go,  
 My Feet of themselves the Way find:  
 Unknown to my self I am just at her Door,  
 And, when I would rail, I can bring out no more,  
 Than Phillis, too Fair and Unkind!

2.

When Phillis I see, my Heart bounds in my Breast,  
 And the Love I would stifle is shown:  
 But asleep, or awake, I am never at rest,  
 When from my Eyes Phillis is gone:  
 Sometimes a sad Dream does delude my sad Mind;  
 But, alas, when I wake, and no Phillis I find,  
 How I sigh to my self all alone!

3.

Should a King be my Rival in her I adore;  
 He should offer his Treasure in vain:  
 O let me alone to be happy and poor,  
 And give me my Phillis again!  
 Let Phillis be mine, and but ever be kind,  
 I could to a Desert with her be confin'd,  
 And envy no Monarch his Reign.

4.

Alas, I discover too much of my Love,  
 And she too well knows her own Pow'r!  
 She makes me each Day a new Martyrdom prove,  
 And makes me grow Jealous each Hour:  
 But let her each Minute torment my poor Mind,  
 I had rather love Phillis, both False and Unkind,  
 Than ever be freed from her Pow'r.

Abdalla

*Abdalla enters with Guards.*

*Abdal.* Now, Madam, at your Feet a King you see;  
Or, rather, if you please, a Scepter'd Slave:  
'Tis just you should possess the Pow'r you gave.  
Had Love not made me yours, I yet had been  
But the first Subject to *Boabdelin*.  
Thus Heav'n declares the Crown I bring, your Due:  
And had forgot my Title, but for you.

*Lyndar.* Heav'n to your Merits will, I hope, be kind;  
But, Sir, it has not yet declar'd its Mind.  
'Tis true, it holds the Crown above your Head;  
But does not fix it 'till your Brother's dead.

*Abdal.* All, but th' *Alhambra*, is within my Pow'r.  
And that my Forces go to take this Hour.

*Lyndar.* When, with its Keys, your Brother's Head you bring,  
I shall believe you are indeed a King.

*Abdal.* But, since th' Events of all things doubtful are,  
And, of Events, most doubtful those of War;  
I beg to know before, if Fortune frown,  
Must I then lose your Favour with my Crown?

*Lyndar.* You'll soon return a Conqueror again,  
And therefore, Sir, your Question is in vain.

*Abdal.* I think to certain Victory I move;  
But you may more assure it by your Love.  
That Grant will make my Arms invincible.

*Lyndar.* My Pray'rs and Wishes your Success foretel.  
Go then, and fight, and think you fight for me;  
I wait but to reward your Victory.

*Abdal.* But if lose it, must I lose you too?

*Lyndar.* You are too curious, if you more would know.  
I know not what my future Thoughts will be:

Poor Women's Thoughts are all *Extempore*.  
Wise Men, indeed,  
Beforehand a long Chain of Thoughts produce;  
But ours are only for our present use.

*Abdal.* Those Thoughts you will not know, too well declare,  
You mean to wait the final Doom of War.

*Lyndar.* I find you come to quarrel with me now:  
Would you know more of me than I allow?  
Whence are you grown that great Divinity,  
That with such ease into my Thoughts can pry?  
Indulgence does not with some Tempers sute;  
I see I must become more absolute.

*Abdal.* I must submit,  
On what hard Terms so e'er my Peace be bought.

*Lyndar.* Submit! you speak as you were not in Fault.



'Tis evident the Injury is mine;

For why should you my secret Thoughts divine?

*Abdal.* Yet if we might be judg'd by Reason's Laws!

*Lyndar.* Then you would have your Reason judge my Cause?

Either confess your Fault, or hold your Tongue;

For I am sure I'm never in the wrong.

*Abdal.* Then I acknowledge it.

*Lyndar.* ————— Then I forgive.

*Abdal.* Under how hard a Law poor Lovers live!

Who, like the vanquish'd, must their Right release:

And, with the loss of Reason, buy their Peace.

[*Aside.*

Madam, to show that you my Pow'r command,

I put my Life and Safety in your Hand:

Dispose of the *Albayzyn* as you please:

To your Fair Hands I here resign the Keys.

*Lyndar.* I take your Gift because your Love it shows;

And faithful *Selin* for *Alcade* chuse.

*Abdal.* *Selin*, from her alone your Orders take:

This one Request, yet, Madam, let me make,

That, from those Turrets, you th' Assault will see;

And Crown, once more, my Arms with Victory.

[*Leads her out.*

*Selin* remains with *Gazul* and *Reduan* his Servants.

*Selin.* *Gazul*, go tell my Daughter that I wait:

You, *Reduan*, bring the Pris'ner to his Fate. [*Exit* *Gazul* and *Reduan*.

E'er of my Charge I will Possession take,

A bloody Sacrifice I mean to make:

The Manes of my Son shall smile this Day,

While I in Blood my Vows of Vengeance pay.

*Enter* at one Door *Benzayda* with *Gazul*, at the other

*Ozmyn* bound with *Reduan*.

*Selin.* I sent, *Benzayda*, to glad your Eyes:

These Rights we owe your Brother's Obsequies.

[*To* *Gazul* and *Reduan*.

You two the curs'd *Abencerrago* bind.

You need no more, t' instruct you in my Mind.

[*They bind him to one Corner of the Stage.*

*Benz.* In what sad Object am I call'd to share,

Tell me, what is it, Sir, you here prepare?

*Selin.* 'Tis what your dying Brother did bequeath,

A Scene of Vengeance, and a Pomp of Death.

*Benz.* The horrid Spectacle my Soul does fright;

I want the Heart to see the dismal Sight.

*Selin.* You are my Principal invited Guest:

Whose Eyes I would not only feed but feast:

You are to smile at his last groaning Breath;  
And laugh to see his Eye-balls roll in Death:  
To judge the ling'ring Soul's convulsive Strife;  
When thick short Breath catches at parting Life.

*Benz.* And of what Marble do you think me made?

*Selin.* What, can you be of just Revenge afraid?

*Benz.* He kill'd my Brother in his own Defence;  
Pity his Youth, and spare his Innocence.

*Selin.* Art thou so soon to pardon Murder won?  
Can he be innocent who kill'd my Son?

*Abenamar* shall mourn as well as I;

His *Ozmyn* for my *Tarifa* shall die.

But, since thou plead'st so boldly, I will see

That Justice thou would'st hinder done by thee:

[*Gives her his Sword.*]

Here, take the Sword, and do a Sister's part;  
Pierce his, fond Girl, or I will pierce thy Heart.

*Ozm.* To his Commands I join my own Request,  
All Wounds from you are welcome to my Breast:

Think only, when your Hand this Act has done,

It has but finish'd what your Eyes begun.

I thought, with Silence, to have scorn'd my Doom;

But now your noble Pity has o'ercome:

Which I acknowledge with my latest Breath;

The first who e'er began a Love in Death.

*Benzayda* to *Selin.*

Alas, what Aid can my weak Hand afford?

You see I tremble when I touch a Sword:

The Brightness dazzles me, and turns my Sight.

*Ozm.* I'll guide the Hand which must my Death convey;

My leaping Heart shall meet it half the way:

Or, if I look, 'tis but to aim less right.

*Selin* to *Benzayda.*

Waste not the precious Time in idle Breath.

*Benz.* Let me resign this Instrument of Death.

[*Giving the Sword to her Father, and then pulling it back.*]

Ah no: I was too hasty to resign:

'Tis in your Hand more mortal than in mine.

To them *Hamet.*

*Hamet.* The King is from th' *Alhambra* beaten back;

And now preparing for a new Attack:

To favour which, he wills, that, instantly,

You reinforce him with a new Supply.

*Selin* to *Benzayda.*

Think not, although my Duty calls me hence,

That with the Breach of yours I will dispence.



E'er my Return, see my Commands you do;  
Let me find *Ozmyn* dead; and kill'd by you.  
*Gazul* and *Reduan*, attend her still;  
And, if she dares to fail, perform my Will.

[*Exeunt Selin and Hamet.*

[*Benzayda looks languishing on him, with her Sword down.*

*Gazul and Reduan standing with drawn Swords by her.*

*Ozm.* Defer not, fair *Benzayda*, my Death:

Looking on you——

I should but live to sigh away my Breath.

My Eyes have done the Work they had to do:

I take your Image with me, which they drew;

And, when they close, I shall die full of you.

*Benz.* When Parents their Commands unjustly lay,  
Children are privileg'd to disobey.

Yet from that Breach of Duty I am clear,

Since I submit the Penalty to bear.

To die or kill you is th' Alternative;

Rather than take your Life, I will not live.

*Ozm.* This shows th' Excess of Generosity;

But, Madam, you have no Pretence to die.

I should defame th' *Abencerrages* Race.

To let a Lady suffer in my Place.

But neither could that Life you would bestow

Save mine; nor do you so much Pity owe

To me, a Stranger, and your House's Foe.

*Benz.* From whence-so'er their Hate your Houses drew,

I blush to tell you, I have none for you.

'Tis a Confession which I should not make,

Had I more Time to give, or you to take.

But, since Death's near, and runs with so much Force,

We must meet first, and intercept his Course.

*Ozm.* Oh, how unkind a Comfort do you give!

Now, I fear Death again, and wish to live.

Life were worth taking, could I have it now;

But 'tis more Good than Heav'n can e'er allow

To one Man's Porcion, to have Life and you.

*Benz.* Sure, at our Births,

Death with our meeting Planets danc'd above;

Or we were wounded by a mourning Love! [Shouts within.

*Redu.* The Noise returns, and doubles from behind;

It seems as if two adverse Armies join'd:

Time presses us.

*Gaz.* ————— If longer you delay,

We must, though loth, your Father's Will obey.

*Ozm.*

*Ozm.* Haste, Madam, to fulfil his hard Commands;  
And rescue me from their ignoble Hands.  
Let me kiss yours, when you my Wound begin;  
Then easie Death will slide with pleasure in.

*Benz.* Ah, gentle Soldiers, some short time allow,  
[To Gazi and Red.

My Father has repented him e'er now;  
Or will repent him, when he finds me dead:  
My Clue of Life is twin'd with *Ozmyn's* Thread.

*Redu.* 'Tis fatal to refuse her, or obey;  
But where is our Excuse? what can we say?

*Benz.* Say any thing——  
Say, that to kill the Guiltless you were loath.  
Or if you did, say, I would kill you both.

*Gaz.* To disobey our Orders is to die:  
I'll do't, who dare oppose it?

*Redu.* ————— That dare I.

[Reduam stands before *Ozmyn*, and fights with *Gazul*.

[Benzayda unbinds *Ozmyn*, and gives him her Sword.

*Benz.* Stay not to see the issue of the Fight;  
But haste to save your self by speedy Flight.

[*Ozmyn* kneeling to kiss her Hand.

Did all Mankind against my Life conspire,  
Without this Blessing I would not retire.  
But, Madam, can I go and leave you here?  
Your Father's Anger now for you I fear:  
Consider you have done too much to stay.

*Benz.* Think not of me, but fly your self away.

*Redu.* Haste quickly hence; the Enemies are nigh:  
From ev'ry part I see the Soldiers fly;  
The Foes not only our Assaults beat,  
But fiercely fall out on their Retreat;  
And, like a Sea broke loose, come on again.

To them *Abenamar*, and a Party with their Swords drawn,  
driving in some of the Enemies.

*Aben.* Traytors, you hope to save your selves in vain,  
Your forfeit Lives shall for your Treason pay;  
And *Ozmyn's* Blood shall be reveng'd this day.

*Ozmyn* kneeling to his Father.

*Ozm.* No, Sir, your *Ozmyn* lives, and lives to own  
A Father's Piety to free his Son.

*Aben.* My *Ozmyn*! O thou blessing of my Age!  
And art thou safe from their deluded Rage!  
Whom must I praise for thy Deliverance?  
Was it thy Valour, or the work of Chance?

H



*Ozm.* Nor Chance nor Valour could deliver me;  
But 'twas a noble Pity set me free.  
My Liberty and Life,  
And what your Happiness you're pleas'd to call,  
We to this charming Beauty owe it all.

*Aben.* Instruct me, visible Divinity,  
Instruct me by what Name to worship thee;  
For to thy Virtue I would Altars raise:  
Since thou art much above all human Praise.  
But see——

*Enter Almanzor, his Sword bloody, leading in Almahide,  
attended by Esperanza.*

My other Blessing, *Almahide* is here:  
I'll to the King, and tell him she is near.  
You, *Ozmyn*, on your fair Deliv'rer wait:  
And with your private Joys the publick celebrate.

*Almanzor, Almahide, Esperanza.*

*Almanz.* The work is done; now, Madam, you are free:  
At least, if I can give you Liberty.

But you have Chains which you your self have chose;  
And, O, that I could free you too from those.  
But, you are free from Force, and have full pow'r  
To go, and kill my Hopes and me, this Hour.  
I see, then; you will go; but yet my toll  
May be rewarded with a looking while.

*Almah.* *Almanzor* can from ev'ry Subject raise  
New matter for our Wonder and his Praise:  
You bound and freed me, but the difference is,  
That show'd your Valour; but your Virtue this.

*Almanz.* Madam, your praise a Fun'ral Victory;  
At whose sad Pomp the Conqueror must die.

*Almah.* Conquest attends *Almanzor* ev'ry where,  
I am too small a Foe, for him to fear:  
But Heroes still must be oppos'd by some,  
Or they would want occasion to overcome.

*Almanz.* Madam, I cannot on bare Praises live:  
Those who abound in Praises seldom give.

*Almah.* While I to all the World your Worth make known,  
May Heav'n reward the Pity you have shown.

*Almanz.* My Love is languishing and starv'd to death,  
And would you give me Charity, in Breath?  
Pray'rs are the Alms of Church-men to the poor:  
They send to Heav'n's, but drive us from their Door.

*Almah.*

*Almah.* Cease, cease a Sute  
So vain to you and troublesome to me,  
If you will have me think that I am free.  
If I am yet a Slave my Bonds I'll bear,  
But, what I cannot grant, I will not hear.

*Almanz.* You wo't hear! you must both hear and grant;  
For, Madam, there's an Impudence in Want.

*Almah.* Your way is somewhat strange to ask Relief;  
You ask with threatening, like a begging Thief.  
Once more, *Almanzor*, tell me, am I free?

*Almanz.* Madam, you are from all the World—but me.  
But as a Pyrate, when he frees the Prize  
He took from Friends, sees the rich Merchandize,  
And, after he has freed it, justly buys;  
So, when I have restor'd your Liberty,——  
But then, alas, I am too poor to buy!

*Almah.* Nay, now you use me just as Pyrates do:  
You free me; but expect a Ransom too.

*Almanz.* You've all the Freedom that a Prince can have:  
But Greatness cannot be without a Slave.  
A Monarch never can in private move;  
But still is haunted with officious Love.  
So small an Inconvenience you may bear,  
'Tis all the Fine Fate sets upon the Fair.

*Almah.* Yet Princes may retire, when e'er they please;  
And breathe free Air from out their Palaces:  
They go sometimes unknown, to shun their State;  
And then, 'tis Manners not to know or wait.

*Almanz.* If not a Subject then a Ghost I'll be;  
And from a Ghost, you know, no Place is free.  
Asleep, awake, I'll haunt you ev'ry where;  
From my white Shroud groan Love into your Ear.  
When in your Lover's Arms you sleep at Night,  
I'll glide in Cold betwixt, and seize my Right.  
And is't not better, in your Nuptial Bed,  
To have a living Lover than a dead?

*Almah.* I can no longer bear to be accus'd;  
As if what I could grant you I refus'd.  
My Father's Choice I never will dispute;  
And he has chosen e'er you mov'd your Sute.  
You know my Case, if equal you can be;  
Plead for your self, and answer it for me.

*Almanz.* Then, Madam, in that Hope you bid me live:  
I ask no more than you may justly give:  
But in strict Justice there may Favour be  
And may I hope that you have that for me?



*Almah.* Why do you thus my secret Thoughts pursue;  
Which known, hurt me, and cannot profit you?  
Your Knowledge but new Troubles does prepare;  
Like theirs who curious in their Fortunes are.  
To say I could with more Content be yours  
Tempt you to hope; but not that Hope assures.  
For since the King has Right,  
And favour'd by my Father in his Sute,  
It is a Blossom which can bear no Fruit.  
Yet, if you dare attempt so hard a Task,  
May you succeed; you have my Leave to ask.

*Almanz.* I can with Courage now my Hopes pursue,  
Since I no longer have to combat you.  
That did the greatest Difficulty bring;  
The rest are small, a Father and a King!

*Almah.* Great Souls discern not when the Leap's too wide,  
Because they only view the farther Side.  
Whatever you desire you think is near:  
But, with more Reason, the Event I fear.

*Almanz.* No; there is a necessity in Fate;  
Why still the brave bold Man is Fortunate;  
He keeps his Object ever full in sight,  
And that Assurance holds him firm and right.  
True, 'tis a narrow Path that leads to Bliss,  
But right before there is no Precipice:  
Fear makes Men look aside, and then their Footing mis.

*Almah.* I do your Merit all the Right I can;  
Admiring Virtue in a private Man:  
I only wish the King may grateful be,  
And that my Father with my Eyes may see:  
Might I not make it as my last Request,  
(Since humble Carriage suits a Suppliant best)  
That you would somewhat of your Fierceness hide:  
That inborn Fire; I do not call it Pride.

*Almanz.* Born as I am, still to Command, not Suer,  
Yet you shall see that I can beg for you.  
And if your Father will require a Crown,  
Let him but name the Kingdom, 'tis his own.  
I am, but while I please, a private Man;  
I have that Soul which Empires first began:  
From the dull Crowd, which every King does lead,  
I will pick out whom I will chuse to head:  
The best and bravest Souls I can select,  
And on their Conquer'd Necks my Throne erect.

[Exeunt.]

ACT

## A C T V.

*Addalla alone, under the Walls of the Albayzyn.*

*Abdal.* **W**Hile she is mine, I have not yet lost all;  
But in her Arms shall have a gentle Fall:  
Blest in my Love, although in War o'ercome,  
I fly, like *Anthony* from *Actium*,  
To meet a better *Cleopatra* here.  
You of the Watch; you of the Watch; appear—

*Soldier above.*

Who calls below? What's your Demand?

*Abdal.* ————— 'Tis I :

Open the Gate with speed; the Foe is nigh.

*Sold.* What Orders for Admittance do you bring?

*Abdal.* Slave, my own Orders; look, and know the King.

*Sold.* I know you, but my Charge is so severe

That none, without Exception, enter here.

*Abdal.* Traytor, and Rebel, thou shalt shortly see

Thy Orders are not to extend to me.

*Lyndaraxa above.*

What sawcy Slave so rudely does exclaim,

And brands my Subject with a Rebel's Name?

*Abdal.* Dear *Lyndaraxa*, haste; the Foes pursue.

*Lyndar.* My Lord, the Prince *Addalla*, is it you?

I scarcely can believe the Words I hear :

Could you so courtesly treat my Officer?

*Abdal.* He forc'd me; but the Danger nearer draws,

When I am enter'd you shall know the Cause.

*Lyndar.* Enter'd! Why have you any Business here?

*Abdal.* I am pursu'd, the Enemy is near.

*Lynd.* Are you pursu'd, and do you thus delay

To save your self? Make haste, my Lord, away.

*Abdal.* Give me not cause to think you mock my Grief:

What Place have I, but this, for my Relief?

*Lyndar.* This Favour does your Handmaid much oblige.

But we are not provided for a Siege.

My Subjects few; and their Provision thin;

The Foe is strong without, we weak within.

This to my noble Lord may seem unkind,

But he will weigh it in his Princely Mind:

*And*



And pardon her, who does Assurance want  
So much, she blushes when she cannot grant.

*Abdal.* Yes, you may blush; and you have cause to weep.  
Is this the Faith you promis'd me to keep?

Ah yet, if to a Lover you will bring  
No Succour, give your Succour to a King.

*Lyndar.* A King is he whom nothing can withstand;  
Who Men and Mony can with ease command.

A King is he whom Fortune still does bless;

He is a King who does a Crown possess.

If you would have me think that you are he,

Produce to view your Marks of Sov'raignty.

But if your self alone for Proof you bring;

You're but a single Person, not a King.

*Abdal.* Ingrateful Maid, did I for this rebel?

I say no more; but I have Lov'd too well.

*Lyndar.* Who but your self did that Rebellion move?

Did I e'er promise to receive your Love?

Is it my Fault you are not fortunate?

I love a King, but a poor Rebel hate.

*Abdal.* Who follow Fortune still are in the right.

But let me be protected here this Night.

*Lyndar.* The Place to morrow will be circled round;

And then no way will for your Flight be found.

*Abdal.* I hear my Enemies just coming on;

[Trampling within.]

Protect me but one Hour, till they are gone.

*Lyndar.* They'll know you have been here; it cannot be,

That very Hour you stay will ruin me!

For if the Foe behold our Interview,

I shall be thought a Rebel too, like you.

Haste hence; and, that your Flight may prosperous prove,

I'll recommend you to the Pow'rs above.

[Exit Lynd. from above.]

*Abdal.* She's gone: Ah, faithless and ingrateful Maid!

I hear some tread; and fear I am betray'd.

I'll to the *Spanish* King; and try if he,

To count'nance his own Right, will succour me:

There is more Faith in Christian Dogs, than thee.

[Exit.]

*Ozmyn, Benzayda, Abenamar.*

*Benz.* I wish

(To merit all these Thanks) I could have said,

My Pity only did his Virtue aid:

'Twas Pity, but 'twas of a Love-sick Maid.

His manly Suff'ring my Esteem did move;

That bred Compassion, and Compassion Love!

*Ozm.* O Blessing sold me at too cheap a rate!

My Danger was the Benefit of Fate.

[To his Father.]

But

But that you may my fair Deliv'rer know,  
 She was not only born our House's Foe,  
 But to my Death by pow'rful Reasons led,  
 At least, in Justice, she might with me dead.

*Aben.* But why thus long do you her Name conceal?

*Ozm.* To gain Belief for what I now reveal:  
 Ev'n thus prepar'd, you scarce can think it true,  
 The Saver of my Life from *Selin* drew  
 Her Birth; and was his Sister whom I slew.

*Aben.* No more; it cannot, was not, must not be:  
 Upon my Blessing, say not it was she.  
 The Daughter of the only Man I hate!  
 Two Contradictions twisted in a Fate!

*Ozm.* The mutual Hate which you and *Selin* bore,  
 Does but exalt her gen'rous Pity more.  
 Could she a Brother's Death forgive to me,  
 And cannot you forget her Family?  
 Can you so ill requite the Life I owe,  
 To reckon her, who gave it, still your Foe?  
 It lends too great a Lustre to her Line,  
 To let her Virtue ours so much out-shine.

*Aben.* Thou gav'st her Line th' Advantage which they have,  
 By meanly taking of the Life they gave.  
 Grant that it did in her a Pity show,  
 But would my Son be pity'd by a Foe?  
 She has the Glory of thy Act defac'd:  
 Thou kill'dst her Brother; but she triumphs last:  
 Poorly for us our Enmity would cease;  
 When we are beaten we receive a Peace.

*Benz.* If that be all in which you disagree,  
 I must confess 'twas *Ozmyn* conquer'd me.  
 Had I beheld him basely beg his Life,  
 I should not now submit to be his Wife.  
 But when I saw his Courage Death control,  
 I paid a secret Homage to his Soul;  
 And thought my cruel Father much to blame,  
 Since *Ozmyn's* Virtue his Revenge did shame.

*Aben.* What Constancy canst thou e'er hope to find  
 In that unstable, and soon conquer'd Mind?  
 What Piety canst thou expect from her,  
 Who could forgive a Brother's Murderer?  
 Or, what Obedience hop'st thou to be pay'd,  
 From one who first her Father disobey'd?

*Ozm.* Nature that bids us Parents to obey,  
 Bids Parents their Commands by Reason weigh.

And



And you her Virtue by your Praise did own,  
Before you knew by whom the Act was done.

*Aben.* Your Reasons speak too much of Insolence,  
Her Birth's a Crime past Pardon or Defence.  
Know, that as *Selin* was not won by thee,  
Neither will I by *Selin's* Daughter be.

Leave her, or cease henceforth to be my Son:  
This is my Will; and this I will have done. [Exit Abenamar.]

*Ozm.* It is a murdering Will!  
That whirls along with an impetuous sway;  
And, like Chain-shot, sweeps all things in its Way!

He does my Honour want of Duty call;  
To that, and Love, he has no Right at all.

*Benz.* No, *Ozmyn*, no, it is much less Ill  
To leave me, than dispute a Father's Will:

If I had any Title to your Love,  
Your Father's greater Right does mine remove:

Your Vows and Faith I give you back again;  
Since neither can be kept without a Sin.

*Ozm.* Nothing but Death my Vows can give me back:  
They are not yours to give, nor mine to take.

*Benz.* Nay, think not, though I could your Vows resign,  
My Love or Virtue could dispense with mine.

I would extinguish your unlucky Fire,  
To make you happy in some new Desire:

I can preserve enough for me and you:  
And love, and be unfortunate for two.

*Ozm.* In all that's good and great—  
You vanquish me so fast, that in the End

I shall have nothing left me to Defend.  
From ev'ry Post you force me to remove;

But let me keep my last Retrenchment, Love!

*Benz.* Love then, my *Ozmyn*; I will be content [Giving her Hand.]  
To make you wretched by your own Consent:

Live poor, despis'd and banish'd for my Sake,  
And all the Burden of my Sorrows take,

For, as for me, in whatsoe'er Estate,  
While I have you I must be Fortunate.

*Ozm.* Thus then, secur'd of what we hold most dear,  
(Each others Love) we'll go—I know not where.

For where, alas, should we our Flight begin?  
The Foe's without; our Parents are within.

*Benz.* I'll fly to you; and you shall fly to me:  
Our Flight but to each others Arms shall be.

To Providence and Chance permit the rest;  
Let us but love enough and we are blest.

[Exeunt.]

*Enter Boabdelin, Abenamar, Abdelmelech, Guard:*

*Zulema and Hamet Prisoners.*

*Abdelm.* They're *Lyndaraxa's* Brothers; for her sake  
Their Lives and Pardon my Request I make.

*Boab.* Then, *Zulema* and *Hamet*, live; but know  
Your Lives to *Abdelmelech's* Sute you owe.

*Zul.* The Grace receiv'd so much my Hope exceeds,  
That Words come weak and short to answer Deeds.  
You've made a Venture, Sir, and Time must show  
If this great Mercy you did well bestow.

*Boab.* You, *Abdelmelech*, haste, before 'tis Night,  
And close pursue my Brother in his Flight.

[Exeunt Abdelmelech, Zulema, Hamet.]

*Enter Almanzor, Almahide, and Elperanza.*

But see, with *Almahide*

The brave *Almanzor* comes, whose conqu'ring Sword  
The Crown it once took from me has restor'd.  
How can I recompence so great Desert!

*Almanz.* I bring you, Sir, perform'd in ev'ry Part  
My Promise made; your Foes are fled or slain;  
Without a Rival, absolute you reign.

Yet though, in Justice, this enough may be,  
It is too little to be done by me:

I beg to go

Where my own Courage and your Fortune calls,  
To chase these Misbelievers from our Walls.

I cannot breathe within this narrow Space;

My Heart's too big, and swells beyond the Place.

*Boab.* You can perform, brave Warrior, what you please;

Fate listens to your Voice, and then decrees.

Now I no longer fear the *Spanish* Pow'rs;

Already we are free, and Conquerors.

*Almanz.* Accept, great King, to morrow, from my Hand,  
The captive Head of conquer'd *Ferdinand*.

You shall not only what you lost regain,

But, o'er the *Biscayn* Mountains to the Main,

Extend your Sway, where never *Moor* did reign.

*Aben.* What in another Vanity would seem,

Appears but noble Confidence in him.

No haughty Boasting; but a Manly Pride:

A Soul too fiery, and too great to guide:

He moves excentrique, like a wand'ring Star,

Whose Motion's just, tho' 'tis not regular.



*Boab.* It is for you, brave Man, and only you,  
Greatly to speak, and yet more greatly do.  
But, if your Benefits too far extend,  
I must be left ungrateful in the End:  
Yet somewhat I would pay  
Before my Debts above all reck'ning grow;  
To keep me from the Shame of what I owe.  
But you——

Are conscious to your self of such Desert,  
That of your Gift I fear to offer part.

*Almanz.* When I shall have declar'd my high Request,  
So much Presumption there will be confest,  
That you will find your Gifts I do not shun;  
But rather much o'er-rate the Service done.

*Boab.* Give wing to your Desires, and let em fly  
Secure, they cannot mount a pitch too high.  
So bless me, *Alba*, both in Peace and War,  
As I accord, whate'er your Wishes are,

[*Almanz. putting one Knee to the Ground.*

Embolden'd by the Promise of a Prince,  
I ask this Lady now with Confidence.

*Boab.* You ask the only thing I cannot grant.

[*The King and Abenamar look amazedly on each other.*

But, as a Stranger, you are ignorant  
Of what by publick Fame my Subjects know;  
She is my Mistress:

*Aben.* ————— And my Daughter too.

*Almanz.* Believe, old Man, that I her Father knew:  
What else should make *Almanzor* kneel to you?  
Nor doubt, Sir, but your Right to her was known:  
For had you had no Claim but Love alone,  
I could produce a better of my own.

*Almahide softly to him.*

*Almanzor,* you forget my last Request:  
Your Words have too much Haughtiness express'd.  
Is this the humble way you were to move?

*Almanzor to her.*

I was too far transported by my Love.  
Forgive me; for I had not learn'd to sue  
To any thing before, but Heav'n and you.  
Sir, at your Feet, I make it my Request——

[*To the King.*

[*First Line kneeling: Second rising, and boldly.*

Though, without boasting, I deserve her best;  
For you her Love with gaudy Title fought,  
But I her Heart with Blood and Dangers bought.

*Boab.* The Blood which you have shed in her Defence  
Shall have, in time, a fitting Recompence:  
Or, if you think your Services delay'd,  
Name but your Price, and you shall soon be paid.

*Almanz.* My Price! why, King, you do not think you deal  
With one who sets his Services to Sale?  
Reserve your Gifts for those who Gifts regard;  
And know I think my self above Reward.

*Boab.* Then sure you are some God-head; and our Care  
Must be to come with Incense, and with Pray'r.

*Almanz.* As little as you think your self oblig'd,  
You would be glad to do't, when next Besieg'd.  
But I am pleas'd there should be nothing due;  
For what I did was for my self, not you.

*Boab.* You with Contempt on meaner Gifts look down;  
And, aiming at my Queen, disdain my Crown.  
That Crown restor'd, deserves no Recompence,  
Since you would rob the fairest Jewel thence.  
Dare not henceforth Ungrateful me to call;  
What e'er I ow'd you, this has cancel'd all.

*Almanz.* I'll call thee thankless King, and perjur'd both:  
Thou swor'st by *Alba*; and hast broke thy Oath.  
But thou do'st well; thou tak'st the cheapest way;  
Not to own Services thou can'st not pay.

*Boab.* My Patience more than pays thy Service past;  
But now this Insolence shall be thy last.  
Hence from my Sight, and take it as a Grace  
Thou liv'st, and art but banish'd from the Place.

*Almanz.* Where e'er I go there can no Exile be;  
But from *Almanzor's* Sight I banish thee:  
I will not now, if thou wou'dst beg me, stay;  
But I will take my *Almahide* away.  
Stay thou with all thy Subjects here; but know  
We leave the City empty when we go. [Takes *Almahide's* Hand.

*Boab.* Fall on; take; kill the Traitor.

[The Guards fall on him; he makes at the King  
through the midst of them, and falls upon him;  
they disarm him, and rescue the King.]

*Almanz.* ————— Base and poor,  
Blush that thou art *Almanzor's* Conqueror.

[*Almahide* wrings her Hands; then turns and veils her Face.  
Farewel, my *Almahide*!  
Life of it self will go, now thou art gone,  
Like Flies in Winter when they lose the Sun.

[*Abenamar* whispers the King a little; then speaks aloud.



*Aben.* Revenge, and taken so secure away,  
Are Blessings which Heav'n sends not ev'ry Day.

*Boab.* I will at leisure now revenge my Wrong;  
And, Traitor, thou shalt feel my Vengeance long:  
Thou shalt not die just at thy own Desire,  
But see my Nuptials, and with Rage expire.

*Almanz.* Thou dar'st not Marry her while I'm in fight;  
With a bent Brow thy Priest and thee I'll fright:  
And in that Scene  
Which all thy Hopes and Wishes should content,  
The Thought of me shall make thee Impotent.

[He is led off by Guards.

*Boabdel. to Almahide.*

As some fair Tulip, by a Storm oppress,  
Shrinks up, and folds its silken Arms to Rest;  
And, bending to the Blast, all pale and dead,  
Hears, from within, the Wind sing round its Head:  
So, shrowded up your Beauty disappears;  
Unveil, my Love, and lay aside your Fears:  
The Storm that caus'd your Fright is past and done.

[Almahide unveiling and looking round for Almanzor.

So Flow'rs peep out too soon, and miss the Sun.

[Turning from him.

*Boab.* What Myst'ry in this strange Behaviour lyes?

*Almah.* Let me for ever hide these guilty Eyes,  
Which lighted my *Almanzor* to his Tomb;  
Or, let 'em blaze to show me there a Room.

*Boab.* Heav'n lent their Lustre for a nobler End:  
A thousand Torches must their Light attend,  
To lead you to a Temple and a Crown. ———  
Why does my fairest *Almahide* frown?  
Am I less pleasing than I was before,  
Or is the insolent *Almanzor* more?

*Almah.* I justly own that I some Pity have,  
Not for the Insolent, but for the Brave.

*Aben.* Though to your King your Duty you neglect,  
Know, *Almahide*, I look for more Respect.  
And, if a Parent's Charge your Mind can move,  
Receive the Blessing of a Monarch's Love.

*Almah.* Did he my Freedom to his Life prefer,  
And shall I Wed *Almanzor's* Murderer?  
No, Sir; I cannot to your Will submit:  
Your Way's too rugged for my tender Feet.

*Aben.* You must be driv'n where you refuse to go:  
And taught, by force, your Happiness to know.

*Almah.*

*Almah.* To force me, Sir, is much unworthy you; [*Smiling scornfully.*  
And, when you would, impossible to do.  
If Force could bend me, you might think, with Shame,  
That I debase the Blood from whence I came.  
My Soul is soft; which you may gently lay  
In your loose Palm; but when 'tis press'd to stay,  
Like Water, it deludes your Grasp, and slips away.

*Boab.* I find I must revoke what I decreed;  
*Almanzor's* Death my Nuptials must precede.  
Love is a Magick which the Lover ties;  
But Charms still end, when the Magician dies.  
Go; let me hear my hated Rival's dead;  
And, to convince my Eyes, bring back his Head. [*To his Guards.*

*Almah.* Go on; I wish no other way to prove  
That I am worthy of *Almanzor's* Love.  
We will in Death, at least, united be;  
I'll shew you I can die as well as he.

*Boab.* What should I do! when equally I dread  
*Almanzor* living, and *Almanzor* dead!

*Almah.* How dare you claim my Faith, and break your own?

*Aben.* This for your Virtue is a weak Defence:  
No second Vows can with your first dispense.  
Yet, since the King did to *Almanzor* swear,  
And in his Death ingrateful may appear,  
He ought, in Justice, first to spare his Life;  
And then to claim your Promise as his Wife.

*Almah.* What e'er my secret Inclinations be,  
To this, since Honour ties me, I agree:  
Yet I declare, and to the World willown,  
That, far from seeking, I would shun the Throne;  
And, with *Almanzor*, lead an humble Life;  
There is a private Greatness in his Wife.

*Boab.* That little Love I have, I hardly buy;  
You give my Rival all, while you deny.  
Yet, *Almahide*, to let you see your Pow'r,  
Your lov'd *Almanzor* shall be free this Hour;  
You are obey'd, but 'tis so great a Grace,  
That I could wish me in my Rival's Place.

[*Exeunt King and Abenamar.*]

*Almah.* How bless'd was I before this Fatal Day!  
When all I knew of Love, was to obey!  
'Twas Life becalm'd, without a gentle Breath;  
Though not so cold, yet motionless as Death.  
A heavy quiet State; but Love, all Strife,  
All rapid, is the Hurricane of Life.

Had.



Had Love not shown me, I had never seen  
 An Excellence beyond *Boabdelin*;  
 I had not, aiming higher, lost my Rest;  
 But with a Vulgar Good been dully blest:  
 But, in *Almanzor*, having seen what's rare,  
 Now I have learnt too sharply to compare;  
 And, like a Fav'rite, quickly in Disgrace,  
 Just knew the Value e'er I lost the Place.

*To her Almanzor bound and guarded.*

*Almanz.* I see the End for which I'm hither sent, [*Looking down.*  
 To double, by your Sight, my Punishment.  
 There is a Shame in Bonds I cannot bear;  
 Far more than Death to meet your Eyes I fear.

*Almahide unbinding him.*

That Shame of long continuance shall not be:  
 The King, at my Intreaty, sets you free.

*Almanz.* The King! my Wonder's greater than before:  
 How did he dare my Freedom to restore?  
 He like some Captive Lion uses me;  
 He runs away before he sets me free,  
 And takes a Sanctuary in his Court:  
 I'll rather lose my Life than thank him fort.

*Almah.* If any Subject for your Thanks there be,  
 The King expects 'em not; you owe 'em me.  
 Our Freedoms through each others Hands have past;  
 You give me my Revenge in winning last.

*Almanz.* Then Fate commodiously for me has done;  
 To lose mine there where I would have it won.

*Almah.* *Almanzor*, you too soon will understand  
 That what I win is on another's Hand.  
 The King (who doom'd you to a cruel Fate)  
 Gave to my Pray'rs both his Revenge and Hate:  
 But at no other Price would rate your Life,  
 Than my Consent and Oath to be his Wife.

*Almanz.* Would you to save my Life my Love betray?  
 Here; take me; bind me; carry me away;  
 Kill me: I'll kill you if you disobey. [*To the Guards.*

*Almah.* That absolute Command your Love does give  
 I take, and charge you by that Pow'r to live.

*Almanz.* When Death, the last of Comforts, you refuse,  
 Your Pow'r, like Heav'n upon the damn'd, you use:  
 You force me in my Being to remain,  
 To make me last, and keep me fresh for Pain.  
 When all my Joys are gone,  
 What Cause can I, for living longer, give,  
 But a dull, lazy Habitude to live?

*Almah.*

*Almah.* Rash Men, like you, and impotent of Will,  
Give Chance no time to turn, but urge her still:  
She would repent; you push the Quarrel on,  
And once because she went, she must be gone.

*Almanz.* She shall not turn; what is it she can do  
To recompence me for the Loss of you?

*Almah.* Heav'n will reward your Worth some better way.  
At least, for me, you have but lost one Day.  
Nor is't a real Loss which you deplore;  
You sought a Heart that was engag'd before.  
'Twas a swift Love which took you in his way;  
Flew only through your Heart, but made no Stay.  
'Twas but a Dream, where Truth had not a Place;  
A scene of Fancy, mov'd so swift a Pace,  
And shifted, that you can but think it was:  
Let, then, the short vexatious Vision pass.

*Almanz.* My Joys, indeed, are Dreams; but not my Pain:  
'Twas a swift Ruin; but the Marks remain.  
When some fierce Fire lays goodly Building waste,  
Would you conclude  
There had been none, because the Burning's past?

*Almah.* It was your fault that Fire seiz'd all your Breast;  
You should have blown up some to save the rest:  
But 'tis, at worst, but so consum'd by Fire  
As Cities are, that by their Fall rise higher.  
Build Love a Nobler Temple in my place;  
You'll find the Fire has but enlarg'd your space.

*Almanz.* Love has undone me, I am grown so poor,  
I sadly view the Ground I had before,  
But want a Stock, and ne'er can build it more.

*Almah.* Then say what Charity I can allow;  
I would contribute, if I knew but how.  
Take Friendship; or, if that too small appear,  
Take Love which Sisters may to Brothers bear.

*Almanz.* A Sister's Love! that is so pall'd a Thing!  
What Pleasure can it to a Lover bring?  
'Tis like thin Food to Men in Fevers spent;  
Just keeps alive; but gives no Nourishment.  
What Hopes, what Fears, what Transports can it move?  
'Tis but the Ghost of a departed Love.

*Almah.* You, like some greedy Cormorant, devour  
All my whole Life can give you, in an Hour.  
What more I can do for you is to die,  
And that must follow, if you this deny.  
Since I gave up my Love that you might live,  
You, in refusing Life, my Sentence give.

*Almanz.*



*Almanz.* Far from my Breast be such an impious Thought:  
Your Death would lose the Quiet mine had sought.  
I'll live for you, in spite of Misery:  
But you shall grant that I had rather die.  
I'll be so wretched, fill'd with such Despair,  
That you shall see, to live was more to dare.

*Almah.* Adieu, then, O my Soul's far better Part,  
Your Image sticks so close  
That the Blood follows from my rending Heart.  
A last Farewel!  
For, since a last must come, the rest are vain!  
Like Gasps in Death, which but prolong our Pain.  
But, since the King is now a Part of me,  
Cease from henceforth to be his Enemy.  
Go now, for Pity go; or, if you stay,  
I fear I shall have something still to say.  
Thus—I for ever shut you from my Sight.

*Almanz.* Like one thrust out in a cold Winter's Night,  
Yet shivering underneath your Gate I stay;  
One Look—I cannot go before 'tis Day—

Not one—Farewel: What'er my Sufferings be  
Within, I'll speak Farewel as loud as she;  
I will not be out-done in Constancy.

Then like a dying Conqueror I go;  
At least I have look'd last upon my Foe.  
I go—but, if too heavily I move,  
I walk encumber'd with a Weight of Love.  
Fain I would leave the Thought of you behind;  
But still, the more I cast you from my Mind,  
You dash, like Water, back, when thrown against the Wind.

[*As he goes off the King meets him with Abenamar,*  
*they stare at each other without saluting.*]

*Boab.* With him go all my Fears: A Guard there wait,  
And see him safe without the City Gate.

*To them Abdelmelech.*

Now, *Abdelmelech*, is my Brother dead?

*Abdelm.* Th' Usurper to the Christian Camp is fled;  
Whom as *Granada's* lawful King they own,  
And vow, by Force, to seat him in the Throne.  
Mean time the Rebels in th' *Albuzyn* rest;  
Which is in *Lyndaraxa's* Name possess.

*Boab.* Haste, and reduce it instantly by Force

*Abdelm.* First give me leave to prove a milder Course.

She

She will, perhaps, on Summons yield the Place.

*Boab.* We cannot, to your Sute, refuse her Grace.

[*One enters hastily and whispers Abenamar.*]

*Aben.* How Fortune persecutes this hoary Head!

My *Ozmyn* is with *Selin's* Daughter fled.

But he's no more my Son——

My Hate shall like a *Zegry* him pursue,

'Till I take back what Blood from me he drew.

*Boab.* Let War and Vengeance be to Morrow's Care:

But let us to the Temple now repair.

A Thousand Torches make the Mosque more bright:

This must be mine and *Almahide's* Night.

Hence, ye importunate Affairs of State;

You should not tyrannize on Love, but wait.

Had Life no Love, none would for Business live;

Yet still from Love the largest Part we give:

And must be forc'd, in Empire's weary Toil,

To live long Wretched, to be Pleas'd a while.

[*Exeunt.*]



# EPILOGUE.

**S**uccess, which can no more than Beauty last,  
Makes our sad Poet mourn your Favours past:  
For, since without Desert he got a Name,  
He fears to lose it now with greater Shame.  
Fame, like a little Mistress of the Town,  
Is gain'd with Ease; but then she's lost as soon.  
For, as those tawdry Misses, soon or late,  
Filt such as keep 'em at the highest Rate,  
(And oft the Lacquey, or the brawny Clown,  
Gets what is hid in the loose-body'd Gown;)  
So, Fame is false to all that keep her long;  
And turns up to the Fop that's brisk and young.  
Some wiser Poet now would leave Fame first:  
But elder Wits are, like old Lovers, curs'd;  
Who, when the Vigour of their Youth is spent,  
Still grow more fond, as they grow impotent.  
This, some Years hence, our Poet's Case may prove;  
But, yet, he hopes, he's young enough to love.  
When Forry comes, if e'er he live to see  
That wretched, fumbling Age of Poetry,  
'Twill be high time to bid his Muse Adieu:  
Well he may please himself, but never you.  
'Till then, he'll do as well as he began;  
And hopes you will not find him less a Man.  
Think him not duller for this Year's Delay;  
He was prepar'd, the Women were away;  
And Men, without their Parts, can hardly play.  
If they, through Sickness, seldom did appear,  
Pity the Virgins of each Theatre;  
For, at both Houses, 'twas a sickly Year!  
And pity us, your Servants, to whose Cost,  
In one such Sickness, nine whole Months are lost.  
Their Stay, he fears, has ruin'd what he writ:  
Long Waiting both disables Love and Wit.  
They thought they gave him Leisure to do well:  
But, when they forc'd him to attend, he fell!  
Yet, though he much has fail'd, he begs, to Day,  
You will excuse his unperforming Play:  
Weakness sometimes great Passion does express;  
He had pleas'd better, had he lov'd you less,

*Almanzor and Almabide:*

OR, THE  
CONQUEST  
OF

GRANADA

As it is Acted at the

THEATRE-ROYAL

---

The Second Part.

---

Written by JOHN DRYDEN, Servant  
to His MAJESTY.

---

*Stimulos dedit amula virtus.*

Lucan.

---

L O N D O N,

Printed for J. Tonson and T. Bennet: And sold by R. Wal-  
lington, G. Strahan, and B. Lintott. 1704.



# PROLOGUE

## To the Second Part of the Conquest of Granada.

**T**HEY who Write Ill, and they who ne'er durst Write,  
Turn Criticks, out of meer Revenge and Spight:  
A Play-House gives 'em Fame; and up there starts,  
From a mean Fifth-rate Wit, a Man of Parts:  
(So Common Faces on the Stage appear:  
We take 'em in, and they turn Beauties here.)  
Our Author fears those Criticks as his Fate:  
And those he Fears, by consequence, must Hate.  
For they the Traffick of all Wit invade;  
As Scriv'ners draw away the Bankers Trade.  
Howe'er, the Poet's safe enough to Day:  
They cannot censure an unfinish'd Play.  
But, as when Vizard-Mask appears in Pit,  
Straight ev'ry Man, who thinks himself a Wit,  
Perks up; and, managing his Comb with Grace,  
With his white Wigg sets off his Nut-brown Face:  
That done, bears up to th' Prize, and views each Limb;  
To know her by her Rigging and her Trim:  
Then, the whole Noise of Fops to Wagers go,  
Pox on her, 't must be she; and, Damm'ee, no:  
Just so, I Prophesie, these Wits to Day  
Will blindly guess at our imperfect Play:  
With what new Plots our Second Part is fill'd,  
Who must be kept alive, and who be kill'd.  
And as those Vizard-Masks maintain that Fashion,  
To sooth and tickle sweet Imagination:  
So, our dull Poet keeps you on with Masking,  
To make you think there's something worth your asking:  
But when 'tis shown, that which does now delight you,  
Will prove a Dowdy with a Face to fright you.

*Almanzor and Almohide:*  
 OR, THE  
**CONQUEST**  
 OF  
**GRANADA**  
 BY THE  
**SPANIARDS.**

The Second P A R T

A C T I

SCENE, A Camp.

*King Ferdinand, Queen Isabella, Alonzo d'Aguiar; Attendants; Men and Women.*

*K. Ferd.* **A**T length the Time is come, when Spain shall be  
 From the long Yoke of Moorish Tyrants free.  
 All Causes seem to second our Design;  
 And Heav'n and Earth in their Destruction join.  
 When Empire in its Childhood first appears,  
 A watchful Fate o'er-looks its tender Years;  
 'Till, grown more strong, it thrusts and stretches out;  
 And Elbows all the Kingdoms round about:  
 The Place thus made for its first Breathing free,  
 It moves again for Ease and Luxury:  
 'Till, swelling by degrees, it has possess'd  
 The greater Space, and now crowds up the rest:  
 When, from behind, there starts some petty State;  
 And pushes on its now unweildy Fate:  
 Then, down the Precipice of Time it goes;  
 And sinks in Minutes, which in Ages rose.

*Q. Isabel.*



*Q. Isabel.* Should bold *Columbus* in his Search succeed,  
And find those Beds in which bright Metals breed;  
Tracing the Sun, who seems to steal away,  
That, Miser-like, he might alone survey  
The Wealth, which he in Western Times did buy;  
Not all that shining Ore could give my Heart  
The Joy, this conquer'd Kingdom will impart:  
Which, rescu'd from these Misbeliever's Hands,  
Shall now, at once, shake off its double Bands:  
At once to Freedom and true Faith restor'd;  
Its old Religion, and its ancient Lord.

*K. Ferd.* By that Assault which list we made, I find,  
Their Courage is with their Success declin'd:  
*Almanzor's* Absence now they dearly buy,  
Whose Conduct crown'd their Arms with Victory.

*Alonso.* Their King himself did their last Sally guide,  
I saw him glistering in bright Armour, ride  
To break a Lance in Honour of his Bride.  
But other Thoughts now fill his anxious Breast;  
Care of his Crown his Love has dispossest.

*To them Abdalla.*

*Q. Isabel.* But see the Brother of the *Moorish* King;  
He seems some News of great Import to bring.

*K. Ferd.* He brings a specious Title to our side;  
Those who would Conquer, must their Foes divide.

*Abdal.* Since to my Exile you have Pity shown,  
And giv'n me Courage, yet to hope a Throne;  
While you, without, our Common Foes subdue,  
I am not wanting to my self, or you.

But have, within, a Faction still alive;  
Strong to assist, and secret to contrive:  
And watching each Occasion to foment  
The People's Fears into a Discontent:  
Which, from *Almanzor's* Loss, before were great,  
And now are doubl'd by their late Defeat.

These Letters from their Chiefs, the News assures.

*K. Ferd.* Be mine the Honour; but the Profit yours.

*To them the Duke of Arcos, with Ozmyn and Benzayda*

*Prisener.*

*K. Ferd.* That Tertia of *Italians* did you guide,  
To take their Post upon the River side?

*D. Arcos.* All are according to your Order plac'd;  
My chearful Soldiers their Intrenchments made;  
The *Murcian* Foot have ta'en the upper Grounds;  
And now the City is beleaguerr'd round.

*K. Ferd.*

*K. Ferd.* Why is not then their Leader here again?

*D. Arcos.* The Master of *Alcamara* is slain:  
But he who slew him here before you stands;  
It is that *Moor* whom you behold in Bands.

*K. Ferd.* A braver Man I had not in my Host:  
His Murd'rer shall not long his Conquest boast.  
But, Duke of *Arcos*, say, how was he slain?

*D. Arcos.* Our Soldiers march'd together on the Plain;

We two rode on, and left them far behind;

'Till, coming where we found the Valley wind,

We saw these *Moors*; who, swiftly as they could,

Ran on, to gain the Covert of a Wood.

This we observ'd; and, having cross'd their Way,

The Lady, out of Breath, was forc'd to stay:

The Man then stood, and straight his Fauchion drew;

Then told us, we in vain did chase pursue,

Whom their ill Fortune to Despair did drive,

And yet, whom we should never take alive.

Neglecting this, the Master straight spur'd on;

But th' active *Moor* his Horse's shock did shun,

And, e'er his Rider from his Reach could go,

Finish'd the Combat with one deadly Blow.

I, to revenge my Friend, prepar'd to fight;

But now our foremost Men were come in fight:

Who soon would have dispatch'd him on the Place;

Had I not sav'd him from a Death so base,

And brought him to attend your Royal Doom.

*K. Ferd.* A Manly Face, and in his Age's Bloom

But, to content the Soldiers, he must die;

Go, see him executed instantly.

*Q. Isabel.* Stay; I would learn his Name before he go;

You, Prince *Abdalla*, may the Pris'ner know.

*Abdal.* *Ozmyn's* his Name; and he deserves his Fate;

His Father heads that Faction which I hate:

But, much I wonder, that with him I see

The Daughter of his Mortal Enemy.

*Benz.* 'Tis true; by *Ozmyn's* Sword my Brother fell;

But 'twas a Death he merited too well.

I know a Sister should excuse his Fault;

But you know too, that *Ozmyn's* Death he fought.

*Abdal.* Our Prophet has declar'd, by the Event,

That *Ozmyn* is reserv'd for Punishment,

For, when he thought his Guilt from Danger clear,

He, by new Crimes, is brought to suffer here.

*Benz.* In Love, or Pity, if a Crime you find;

We two have sinn'd above all Human Kind.



*Ozm.* Heav'n in my Punishment has done a Grace;  
I could not suffer in a better Place;  
That I should die by Christians it thought good,  
To save your Father's Guilt, who bought my Blood. [To her.]

*Benz.* Fate aims so many Blows to make us fall,  
That 'tis in vain to think to ward 'em all:  
And where Misfortunes great and many are,  
Life grows a Burden, and not worth our Care.

*Ozm.* I cast it from me, like a Garment torn,  
Ragged, and too undecent to be worn.  
Besides, there is Contagion in my Fate; [To Benz.]  
It makes your Life too much unfortunate.  
But, since her Faults are not ally'd to mine,  
In her Protection let your Favour shine;  
To you, great Queen, I make this last Request;  
(Since Pity dwells in ev'ry Royal Breast)  
Safe, in your Care, her Life and Honour be:  
It is a dying Lover's Legacy.

*Benz.* Cease, *Ozmyn*, cease so vain a Sure to move;  
I did not give you on those Terms my Love.  
Leave Me the Care of Me; for, when you go,  
My Love will soon instruct me what to do.

*Q. Isabel.* Permit me, Sir, these Lovers Doom to give:  
My Sentence is, They shall together live.  
The Courts of Kings,  
To all Distress'd should Sanctuaries be,  
But most to Lovers in Adversity.

*Castile and Arragon,*  
Which long against each other War did move,  
My plighted Lord and I have join'd by Love:  
And, if to add this Conquest Heav'n thinks good,  
I would not have it stain'd with Lovers Blood.

*K. Ferd.* Whatever *Isabella* shall command  
Shall always be a Law to *Ferdinand*.

*Benz.* The Frowns of Fate we will no longer fear:  
Ill Fate, Great Queen, can never find us here.

*Q. Isabel.* Your Thanks some other time I will receive:  
Henceforward, safe in my Protection live.  
*Granada* is for Noble Loves renown'd;  
Her best Defence is in her Lovers found.  
Love's an Heroick Passion, which can find  
No room in any base, degen'rate Mind:  
It kindles all the Soul with Honour's Fire,  
To make the Lover worthy his Desire.  
Against such Heroes I Success should fear,  
Had we not too an Host of Lovers here.

An Army of bright Beauties come with me;  
 Each Lady shall her Servant's Actions see:  
 The Fair and Brave on each side shall contest;  
 And they shall overcome, who love the best. *[Exeunt Omnes.]*

## SCENE II.

### *The Alhambra.*

*Zulema solus.*

True, they have pardon'd me; but do they know  
 What Folly 'tis to trust a pardon'd Foe!  
 A Blush remains in a forgiven Face;  
 It wears the silent Tokens of Disgrace:  
 Forgiveness to the injur'd does belong;  
 But they ne'er pardon who have done the Wrong.  
 My hopeful Fortune's lost! and, what's above  
 All I can name or think, my ruin'd Love!  
 Feign'd Honesty shall work me into Trust,  
 And seeming Penitence conceal my Lust.  
 Let Heav'n's great Eye of Providence now take  
 One Day of Rest, and ever after wake.

*Enter Boabdellin, Abenamar and Guards.*

*Boab.* Losses on Losses! as if Heav'n decreed  
*Almanzor's* Valour should alone succeed.

*Aben.* Each Sally we have made, since he is gone,  
 Serves but to pull our speedy Ruin on.

*Boab.* Of all Mankind, the heaviest Fate he bears,  
 Who the last Crown of sinking Empire wears.  
 No kindly Planet of his Birth took care:  
 Heav'n's Out-cast, and the Droß of ev'ry Star!

*[A tumultuous Noise within.]*

*Enter Abdelmelech.*

What new Misfortune do these Cries preface?

*Abdelm.* They are th' Effects of the mad Peoples Rage.  
 All in Despair, tumultuously they swarm;  
 The farthest Streets already take th' Alarm;  
 The needy creep from Cellars, under-ground,  
 To them new Cries from Tops of Garrets sound:  
 The Aged from the Chimneys seek the Cold;  
 And Wives from Windows helpless Infants hold.

*Boab.* See what the many-headed Beast demands.

*[Exit Abdelmelech.]*

Curs'd is that King whose Honour's in their Hands.



In Senates, either they too slowly grant,  
Or saucily refuse to aid my Want:  
And, when their Thrift has ruin'd me in War,  
They call their Insolence my want of Care.

*Aben.* Curst'd be their Leaders, who that Rage foment,  
And veil, with publick Good, their Discontent:  
They keep the Peoples Purfes in their Hands,  
And hector Kings to grant their wild Demands.  
But, to each Lure a Court throws out, descend;  
And prey on those they promis'd to defend.

*Zul.* Those Kings who to their wild Demands consent,  
Teach others the same way to Discontent.  
Freedom in Subjects is not, nor can be;  
But still, to please 'em, we must call 'em free.  
Propriety, which they their Idol make,  
Or Law, or Law's Interpreters can shake.

*Aben.* The Name of Common-wealth is popular;  
But there the People their own Tyrants are.

*Boab.* But Kings who rule with limited Command,  
Have Players Scepters put into their Hand.  
Pow'r has no Balance, one Side still weighs down;  
And either hoists the Common-wealth or Crown.  
And those who think to set the Scale more right,  
By various Turnings but disturb the Weight.

*Aben.* While People tug for Freedom, Kings for Pow'r,  
Both sink beneath some foreign Conqueror:  
Then Subjects find too late they were unjust,  
And want that Pow'r of Kings they durst not trust.

*To them Abdelmelech.*

*Abdelm.* The Tumult now is high, and dang'rous grown;  
The People talk of rend'ring up the Town;  
And swear that they will force the King's Consent.

*Boab.* What Counsel can this rising Storm prevent?

*Abdelm.* Their Fright to no Persuasions will give ear:  
There's a deaf Madnefs in a Peoples Fear.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* Their Fury now a middle Course does take:  
To yield the Town, or call *Almanzor* back.

*Boab.* I'll rather call my Death.  
Go, and bring up my Guards to my Defence:  
I'll punish this outrageous Insolence.

*Aben.* Since blind Opinion does their Reason sway,  
You must submit to cure 'em their own way.  
You to their Fancies Physick must apply:  
Give them that Chief on whom they most rely.

Under *Almanzor* prosp'rously they fought;  
*Almanzor* therefore must with Prayers be brought.

*Enter a Second Messenger.*

*Second Mess.* Haste all you can their Fury to assuage:  
 You are not safe from their rebellious Rage.

*Enter a Third Messenger.*

*Third Mess.* This Minute, if you grant not their Desire,  
 They'll seize your Person, and your Palace Fire.

*Abdelm.* Your Danger, Sir, admits of no Delay.

*Boab.* In Tumults People reign, and Kings obey.  
 Go and appease 'em with the Vow I make,  
 That they shall have their lov'd *Almanzor* back. *[Exit Abdelm.]*

*Almanzor* has th' Ascendant o'er my Fate:

I'm forc'd to stoop to one I fear and hate.

Disgrac'd, distress'd, in Exile, and alone;

He's greater than a Monarch on his Throne.

Without a Realm a Royalty he gains;

Kings are the Subjects over whom he Reigns.

*A Shout of Acclamations within.*

*Aben.* These Shouts proclaim the People satisfy'd.

*Boab.* We for another Tempest must provide.

To promise his Return, as I was loath,

So I want Pow'r now to perform my Oath.

E'er this, for *Africk* he is sail'd from Spain.

*Aben.* The adverse Winds his Passage yet detain;

I heard, last Night, his Equipage did stay

At a small Village, short of *Malaga*.

*Boab.* *Abenamar*, this Ev'ning thither haste;

Desire him to forget his Usage past:

Use all your Rhet'rick, Promise, Flatter, Pray.

*To them Almehide attended.*

*Aben.* Good Fortune shows you yet a surer way:

Nor Pray'rs nor Promises his Mind will move;

'Tis inaccessible to all, but Love.

*Boab.* Oh, thou hast rous'd a Thought within my Breast;

That will for ever rob me of my Rest.

Ah Jealousie, how cruel is thy Sting!

I, in *Almanzor*, a lov'd Rival bring!

And now, I think it is an equal Strife,

If I my Crown should hazard, or my Wife.

Where, Marriage, is thy Cure, which Husbands boast?

That, in Possession, their Desire is lost!

Or why have I alone that wretched Taste,

Which, gorg'd and glutted, does with Hunger last?

Custom and Duty cannot set me free;

Ev'n Sin it self has not a Charm for me.



Of marry'd Lovers I am sure the first;  
And nothing but a King could so be curst.

*Almah.* What Sadness sits upon your Royal Heart?  
Have you a Grief, and must not I have part?  
All Creatures else a time of Love possess:  
Man only clogs with Cares his Happiness:  
And, while he should enjoy his part of Bliss,  
With Thoughts of what may be, destroys what is.

*Boab.* You guess'd aright; I am oppress'd with Grief:  
And 'tis from you that I must seek Relief. [To the Company.

Leave us; to Sorrow there's a Rev'rence due:  
Sad Kings, like Suns Eclips'd, withdraw from view.

[The Attendants go off, and Chairs are set for the King and Queen.

*Almah.* So, two kind Turtles, when a Storm is nigh,  
Look up, and see it gath'ring in the Sky:  
Each calls his Mate to shelter in the Groves,  
Leaving, in Murmur, their unfinish'd Loves.  
Perch'd on some dropping Branch they sit alone,  
And Coo, and hearken to each others Moan.

*Boab.* Since, *Almahide*, you seem so kind a Wife,  
[Taking her by the Hand.

What would you do to save a Husband's Life?

*Almah.* When Fate calls on that hard Necessity,  
I'll suffer Death rather than you shall die.

*Boab.* Suppose your Country should in Danger be;  
What would you undertake to set it free?

*Almah.* It were too little to resign my Breath:  
My own free Hand should give me nobler Death.

*Boab.* That Hand, which would so much for Glory do,  
Must yet do more; for it must kill me too.

You must kill me, for that dear Country's sake;  
Or what's all one, must call *Almanzor* back.

*Almah.* I see to what your Speech you now direct;  
Either my Love or Virtue you suspect.

But know, that when my Person I resign'd,  
I was too Noble not to give my Mind:

No more the Shadow of *Almanzor* fear;  
I have no room, but for your Image, here.

*Boab.* This, *Almahide*, would make me cease to mourn,  
Were that *Almanzor* never to return:

But now my fearful People mutiny;  
Their Clamours call *Amanzor* back, not I.

Their Safety, through my Ruin, I pursue;  
He must return, and must be brought by you.

*Almah.* That Hour, when I my Faith to you did plight,  
I banish'd him for ever from my Sight.

His Banishment was to my Virtue due;  
 Not that I fear'd him for my self, but you.  
 My Honour had preserv'd me innocent:  
 But I would, your Suspicion to prevent,  
 Which, since I see augmented in your Mind,  
 I yet more reason for his Exile find.

*Boab.* To your Intreaties he will yield alone;  
 And, on your Doom, depend my Life and Throne.  
 No longer therefore my Desires withstand;  
 Or, if Desires prevail not, my Command.

*Almah.* In his Return too sadly I forget  
 Th' Effects of your returning Jealousie;  
 But, your Command I prize above my Life;  
 'Tis sacred to a Subject and a Wife.  
 If I have Pow'r *Almazor* shall return.

*Boab.* Curs'd be that Fatal Hour when I was Born!

[Letting go her Hand, and starting up.]

You love, you love him; and that Love reveal  
 By your too quick Consent to his Repeat.  
 My Jealousie had but too just a Ground;  
 And now you stab into my former Wound.

*Almah.* This sudden Change I do not understand.  
 Have you so soon forgot your own Command?

*Boab.* Grant that I did th' unjust Injunction lay;  
 You should have lov'd me more than to obey.

I know you did this Mutiny design;

But your Love-plot I'll quickly countermine.

Let my Crown go; he never shall return;

I, like a Phoenix, in my Nest will burn.

*Almah.* You please me well, that in one common Fate

You wrap your self, and me, and all your State:

Let us no more of proud *Almazor* hear:

'Tis better once to die, than still to fear.

And better, many times, to die, than be

Oblig'd past Payment to an Enemy.

*Boab.* 'Tis better; but you Wives still have one way:

When e'er your Husbands are oblig'd, you pay.

*Almah.* Thou, Heav'n, who know'st it, judge my Innocence.

You, Sir, deserve not I should make Defence.

Yet, judge my Virtue by that Proof I gave,

When I submitted to be made your Slave.

*Boab.* If I have been suspicious or unkind,

Forgive me; many Cares distract my Mind;

Love, and a Crown!

Two such Excuses no one Man e'er had;

And each of 'em enough to make me mad:

But



But now my Reason re-assumes its Throne,  
 And finds no Safety when *Almanzor* is gone.  
 Send for him then; I'll be oblig'd and sure;  
 'Tis a less Evil than to part with you;  
 I leave you to your Thoughts; but love me still!  
 Forgive my Passion, and obey my Will. *[Exit Boabdil]*

My jealous Lord will soon to Rage return;  
 That Fire his Fear rakes up, does inward burn.  
 But Heav'n, which made me great, has chose for me,  
 I must th' Oblation for my People be.  
 I'll cherish Honour, then, and Life despise;  
 What is not Pure is not for Sacrifice.  
 Yet, for *Almanzor*, I in secret mourn!  
 Can Virtue, then, admit of his Return?  
 Yes; for my Love I will, by Virtue, square;  
 My Heart's not mine; but all my Actions are.  
 I'll like *Almanzor* act; and dare to be  
 As haughty, and as wretched too as he.  
 What will he think is in my Message meant?  
 I scarcely understand my own Intent:  
 But, Silk-worm like, so long within have wrought,  
 That I am lost in my own Web of Thought. *[Exit Almanzor]*

## A C T II.

### S C E N E, A Wood.

*Ozmyn and Benzayda.*

*Ozm.* 'TIS true that our Protection here has been  
 The Effect of Honour in the *Spanish* Queen.

But, while I as a Friend continue here,  
 I to my Country must a Poe appear.

*Benz.* Think not, my *Ozmyn*, that we here remain  
 As Friends, but Pris'ners to the Pow'r of *Spain*.  
 Fortune dispenses with your Country's Right;  
 But you desert your Honour in your Flight.

*Ozm.* I cannot leave you here, and go away;  
 My Honour's glad of a Pretence to stay.

*[A Noise within, Follow, follow, follow]*

*Enter*

*Selin.* I am pursu'd; and how am I spent and done?  
My Limbs suffice me not with Strength to run.

And, if I could, alas! what can I do?  
A Year, the Dregs of Life too, from the Grave  
Here will I sit, and here attend my Fate;  
With the same hoary Majesty and State  
As Rome's old Senate for the Gauls did wait.

*Benz.* It is my Father; and he seems distressed.  
*Ozm.* My Honour bids me succour the oppress'd:  
That Life he sought for his I'll freely give;  
We'll die together, or together live.

*Benz.* I'll call more Succour; since the Camp is near;  
And fly on all the Wings of Love and Fear.

*Enter Abenamar and four or five Moors.* He will not  
find *Selin*.

*Aben.* Ye've liv'd, and now behold your latest Hour.

*Selin.* I scorn your Malice, and despise your Power.  
A speedy Death is all I ask you now;  
And that's a Favour you may well allow.

*Ozm.* *showing himself.* Who gives you Death shall give it first to me;  
Fate cannot separate our Destinies;  
My Father here! then Heaven itself has laid  
The Snare, in which my Virtue is betray'd.

*Aben.* Fortune, I thank thee, thou hast kindly done,  
To bring me back that Fugitive, my Son,  
In Arms too, fighting for my Enemy!  
I'll do a Roman Justice; thou shalt die.

*Ozm.* I beg not you my forfeit Life would save;  
Yet add one Minute to that Breath you gave.  
I disobey'd you, and deserve my Fate;  
But bury in my Grave two Monks' Hate.  
Let *Selin* live; and see your Justice done  
On me, while you revenge him for his Son.  
Your mutual Malice in my Death may cease;  
And equal Loss persuade you both to Peace.

*Aben.* Yes, Justice shall be done on him and thee:  
Haste, and dispatch 'em both immediately.

*Ozm.* If you have Honour, (since you Nature want)  
For your own sake my last Petition grant;  
And kill not a disarm'd, defenceless Foe:  
Whose Death, your Cruelty or Fear will show.  
My Father cannot do an Act so base;  
My Father! I mistake; I meant, who was his Son.  
*Aben.* Go, then, dispatch him first who was my Son.

*Ozm.* Swear but to save his Life, I'll yield my own.

*Aben.*



*Aben.* Nor Tears, nor Prayers, thy Life or his shall buy.

*Ozm.* Then, Sir, *Benzayda's* Father shall not die. *[Putting himself before Selin.]*

And, since he'll want Defence when I am gone, I will save his Life, defend my own.

*Aben.* This Justice Parricides, like thee, should have.

*[Aben. and his Party attack them both Ozmyn Parries his Father's Thrusts, and thrusts at the others.]*

*Enter Benzayda, with Abdalla, the Duke of Arcos and Spaniards.*

*Benz.* O help! my Father and my Ozmyn fall.

*Abdal.* Villains, that Death you have deserv'd, is near.

*Ozmyn stops his Hand.*

Stay, Prince; and know I have a Father here. I were that Parricide of whom he spoke, Did not my Piety prevent your Stroke.

Depart then, and thank Heaven you had a Son.

*Aben.* I am not with these Shows of Duty won.

*Ozmyn to his Father.*

Heav'n knows I would that Life you seek, resign.

But, while *Benzayda* lives, it is not mine.

Will you yet pardon my unwilling Crime?

*Aben.* By no Intreaties, by no length of Time.

Will I be won; but, with my latest Breath,

I'll curse thee here, and haunt thee after Death.

*[Exit Abenamar with his Party.]*

*Ozmyn kneels to Selin.*

Can you be merciful to that degree

A to forgive my Father's Faults in me?

Can you forgive

The Death of him I slew in my Defence;

And, from the Malice, separate the Offence?

I can no longer be your Enemy;

In short, now kill me, Sir, or pardon me. *[Offers him his Sword.]*

In this your Silence my hard Fate appears!

*Selin.* I'll answer you, when I can speak for Tears.

But, still I can—

Imagine what must needs be brought to pass; *[Embraces him.]*

My Heart's not made of Marble, nor of Brass.

Did I for you a cruel Death prepare,

And have you—have you made my Life your Care!

There is a Shame contracted by my Faults,

Which hinders me to speak my secret Thoughts,

And I will tell you, (when that Shame's remov'd)

You are not better by my Daughter lov'd.

*Benzayda*

*Benzayda* be yours——I can no more.

*Ozmyn embracing his Knees.*

Bless'd be that Breath which does my Life restore.

*Benz.* I hear my Father now; these Words confess  
That Name, and that indulgent Tendernefs.

*Selin.* *Benzayda*, I have been too much to blame;  
But, let your Goodness expiate for my Shame:  
You *Ozmyn's* Virtue did in Chains adore;  
And Part of me was just to him before.  
My Son! [To him.

*Ozm.* My Father!

*Selin.*———Since by you I live,  
I, for your sake, your Family forgive.

Let your hard Father still my Life pursue;  
I hate not him, but for his Hate to you:

Ev'n that hard Father yet may one Day be  
By Kindness vanquish'd, as you vanquish'd me.

Or, if my Death can quench to you his Rage,  
Heav'n makes good use of my remaining Age.

*Abdal.* I grieve your Joys are mingled with my Cares.  
But all take Interest in their own Affairs:

And therefore I must ask how mine proceed.

*Selin.* They now are ripe, and but your Presence need:  
For *Lyndaraxa*, faithless as the Wind,

Yet to your better Fortunes will be kind:

For, hearing that the Christians own your Cause,  
From thence th' Assurance of a Throne she draws.

And, since *Almanzor*, whom she most did fear,  
Is gone, she to no Treaty will give ear;

But sent me her Unkindness to excuse.

*Abdal.* You much surprize me with your pleasing News.

*Selin.* But, Sir, she hourly does th' Assault expect:  
And must be lost, if you her Aid neglect.

For *Abdelmelech* loudly does declare

He'll use the last Extremities of War,

Since she refuse the Fortress to resign.

*Abdal.* The Charge of hast'ning this Relief be mine.

*Selin.* This while I undertook, whether beset,  
Or else by Chance, *Abenamar* I met;

Who seem'd in haste returning to the Town.

*Abdal.* My Love must in my Diligence be shown.

And, as my Pledge of Faith to *Spain*, this Hour

I'll put the Fortress in your Master's Pow'r. [To Arcos.

*Selin.* An open Way from hence to it there lies,  
And we with ease may send in large Supplies,



Free from the Shot and Sallies of the Town.

*D. Arcos.* Permit me, Sir, to share in your Renown;  
First to my King I will impart the News,  
And then draw out what Succours we shall use.

[*Exit Duke of Arcos.*

*Abdal.* Grant that she loves me not, at least I see  
She loves not others, if she loves not me.

[*Aside.*

'Tis Pleasure, when we reap the Fruit of Pain;

'Tis only Pride to be belov'd again.

How many are not lov'd, who think they are?

Yet all are willing to believe the Fair;

And, though 'tis Beauty's known and obvious Cheat,

Yet Man's Self-love still favours the Deceit.

[*Exit Abdalla.*

*Selin.* Farewel, my Children; equally so dear,

That I my self am to my self less near.

While I repeat the Dangers of the War,

Your mutual Safety be each others Care.

Your Father, *Ozmyn*, 'till the War be done,

As much as Honour will permit, I'll shun.

If by his Sword I perish, let him know

It was because I would not be his Foe.

*Ozm.* Goodness and Virtue all your Actions guide;

You only err in chusing of your side.

That Party I with Honour cannot take;

But can much less the Care of you forsake:

I must not draw my Sword against my Prince,

But yet may hold a Shield in your Defence.

*Benzayda*, free from Danger, here shall stay;

And, for a Father and a Lover pray.

*Benz.* No, no; I gave not on those terms my Heart,

That from my *Ozmyn* I should ever part.

That Love I vow'd, when you did Death attend,

'Tis just that nothing but my Death should end.

What Merchant is it who would stay behind,

His whole Stock ventur'd to the Waves and Wind?

I'll pray for both, but both shall be in fight;

And Heav'n shall hear me pray, and see you fight.

*Selin.* No longer, *Ozmyn*, combat a Design,

Where so much Love and so much Virtue join.

*Ozm.* Then conquer, and your Conquest happy be,

[*To her.*

Both to your self, your Father, and to me.

With bended Knees our Freedom we'll demand

Of *Isabel*, and mighty *Ferdinand*.

Then, while the Paths of Honour we pursue,

We'll int'rest Heav'n for us in right of you.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE,

SCENE, *The Albayzyn.*[ *An Alarm within; then Soldiers running over the Stage.* ]*Enter Abdelmelech Victorious, with Soldiers.*

*Abdelm.* 'Tis won, 'tis won; and *Lyndaraxa*, now,  
 Who scorn'd to Treat, shall to a Conquest bow.  
 To ev'ry Sword I free Commission give;  
 Fall on, my Friends, and let no Rebel live.  
 Spare only *Lyndaraxa*; let her be  
 In Triumph led, to grace my Victory.  
 Since by her Falshood she betray'd my Love,  
 Great as that Falshood my Revenge shall prove.

*Enter Lyndaraxa, as frighted; attended by Women.*  
 Go, take th' Enchantress, and bring her to me bound.

*Lyndar.* Force needs not where Resistance is not found:  
 I come, my self, to offer you my Hands;  
 And, of my own accord, invite your Bands.  
 I wish to be my *Abdelmelech's* Slave;  
 I did but wish, and easie Fortune gave.

*Abdelm.* O, more than Woman false! but 'tis in vain.  
 Can you e'er hope to be believ'd again?  
 I'll sooner trust th' *Hyena* than your Smile;  
 Or, than your Tears, the weeping Crocodile.  
 In War and Love none should be twice deceiv'd;  
 The Fault is mine if you are now believ'd.

*Lyndar.* Be over wise, then, and too late repent;  
 Your Crime will carry its own Punishment.  
 I am well pleas'd not to be justify'd:  
 I owe no Satisfaction to your Pride.  
 It will be more Advantage to my Fame,  
 To have it said I never own'd a Flame.

*Abdelm.* 'Tis true, my Pride has satisfy'd it self:  
 I have at length escap'd the deadly Shelf.  
 Th' Excuses you prepare will be in vain,  
 'Till I am Fool enough to love again.

*Lyndar.* Am I not lov'd?

*Abdelm.* ————— I must, with Shame, avow  
 I lov'd you once; but do not love you now.

*Lyndar.* Have I for this betray'd *Abdalla's* Trust?  
 You are to me, as I to him, unjust.

*Abdelm.* 'Tis like you have done much for love of me,  
 Who kept the Fortreis for my Enemy.



*Lyndar.* 'Tis true, I took the Fortrefs from his Hand;  
But, fince, have kept it in my own Command.

*Abdelm.* That Act your foul Ingratitude did show.

*Lyndar.* You are th' ungrateful, fince 'twas kept for you.

*Abdelm.* 'Twas kept indeed; but not by your Intent,  
For all your Kindnefs I may thank th' Event.

Blufh, *Lyndaraxa*, for fo cross a Cheat;

'Twas kept for me, when you refus'd to Treat!

[Ironically.]

*Lyndar.* Blind Man! I knew the Weaknefs of the Place:

It was my Plot to do your Arms this Grace:

Had not my Care of your Renown been great,

I lov'd enough to offer you to Treat.

She who is lov'd muft little Lets create;

But you bold Lovers are to force your Fate.

This Force you us'd my Maiden Blufh will fave;

You feem'd to take what fecretly I gave.

I knew we muft be conquer'd; but I knew

What Confidence I might repose in you.

I knew you were too grateful to expofe

My Friends and Soldiers to be us'd like Foes.

*Abdelm.* Well; though I love you not, their Lives fhall be

Spar'd out of Pity and Humanity.

*Alferez*, go, and let the Slaughter ceafe.

[To a Soldier.]

*Lyndar.* Then muft I to your Pity owe my Peace!

[Exit the Alferez.]

Is that the tend'reft Term you can afford?

Time was, you would have us'd another Word.

*Abdelm.* Then, for your Beauty, I your Soldiers spare:

For though I do not love you, you are Fair.

*Lyndar.* That little Beauty why did Heav'n impart

To pleafe your Eyes, but not to move your Heart!

I'll fhrowd this Gorgon from all Human View;

And own no Beauty, fince it charms not you!

Reverse your Orders, and your Sentence give;

My Soldiers fhall not from my Beauty live.

*Abdelm.* Then, from your Friendship, they their Lives fhall gain;

Though Love be dead, yet Friendship does remain.

*Lyndar.* That Friendship, which from wither'd Love does fhoot;

Like the faint Herbage of a Rock, wants root;

Love is a tender Amity, refin'd:

Grafted on Friendship it exalts the kind.

But when the Graff no longer does remain,

The dull Stock lives; but never bears again.

*Abdelm.* Then, that my Friendship may not doubtful prove,

(Fool that I am to tell you fo) I love.

You

You would extort this Knowledge from my Breast;  
And tortur'd me so long that I confess.  
Now I expect to suffer for my Sin;  
My Monarchy must end, and yours begin.

*Lyndar.* Confess not Love, but spare your self that Shame:  
And call your Passion by some other Name.  
Call this Assault, your Malice, or your Hate;  
Love owns no Acts so disproportionate.  
Love never taught this Insolence you show,  
To treat your Mistress like a conquer'd Foe. [Alferez.  
Is this th' Obedience which my Heart should move!  
This Usage looks more like a Rape than Love.

*Abdelm.* What Proof of Duty would you I should give?

*Lyndar.* 'Tis Grace enough to let my Subjects live:  
Let your rude Soldiers keep Possession still;  
Spoil, raffle, pillage, any thing but kill.  
In short, Sir, use your Fortune as you please;  
Secure my Castle, and my Person seize.  
Let your true Men my Rebels hence remove;  
I shall dream on; and think 'tis all your Love.

*Abdelm.* You know too well my Weakness and your Pow'r.  
Why did Heav'n make a Fool a Conqueror!  
She was my Slave; 'till she by me was shown  
How weak my Force was, and how strong her own.  
Now she has beat my Pow'r from ev'ry Part,  
Made her Way open to my naked Heart: [To a Soldier.  
Go, strictly charge my Soldiers to retreat:  
Those Countermand who are not enter'd yet.  
On Peril of your Lives leave all things free. [Exit Soldier.  
Now, Madam, love *Abdalla* more than me.  
I only ask, in Duty, you would bring  
The Keys of our *Albayzn* to the King:  
I'll make your Terms as gentle as you please.

[Trumpets Sound a Charge within, and Soldiers Shout.

What Shouts; and what new Sounds of War are these?

*Lyndar.* Fortune, I hope, has favour'd my Intent [Aside.  
Of gaining Time, and welcome Succours sent.

Enter Alferez

*Alferez.* All's lost, and you are fatally deceiv'd:  
The Foe is enter'd, and the Place reliev'd.  
Scarce from the Walls had I drawn off my Men,  
When, from their Camp, the Enemy rush'd in:  
And Prince *Abdalla* enter'd first the Gate.

*Abdelm.* I am betray'd, and find it now too late. [To her.  
When your proud Soul to Flatteries did descend;  
I might have known it did some Ill portend.



The weary Seaman stormy Weather fears,  
 When Winds shift often, and no Cause appears.  
 You by my Bounty live——  
 Your Brothers, too, were pardon'd for my sake,  
 And this Return your Gratitude does make.

*Lyndar.* My Brothers best their own Obligation know;  
 Without your charging me with what they owe.  
 But, since you think th' Obligation is so great,  
 I'll bring a Friend to satisfy my Debt. [Looking behind.]

*Abdelm.* Thou shalt not Triumph in thy base Design,  
 Though not thy Fort, thy Person shall be mine.

[He goes to take her: She runs, and cries out Help.]

*Enter Abdalla, Duke of Arcos, Spaniards. Abdelmelech retreats*  
*fighting, and is pursu'd by the adverse Party off the Stage.*

[An Alarm within.]

*Enter again Abdalla and the Duke of Arcos with Lyndaraxa.*

*D. Arcos.* Bold Abdelmelech twice our Spaniards fac'd;  
 Though much out-number'd; and retreated last.

*Abdal.* Your Beauty, as it moves no common Fire, [To Lyndaraxa.]  
 So it no common Courage can inspire.  
 As he fought well, so had he prosper'd too,  
 If, Madam, he, like me, had fought for you.

*Lyndar.* Fortune, at last, has chosen with my Eyes;  
 And, where I would have giv'n it, plac'd the Prize.  
 You see, Sir, with what Hardship I have kept  
 This precious Gage, which in my Hands you left.  
 But 'twas the Love of you which made me fight,  
 And gave me Courage to maintain your Right.  
 Now, by Experience, you my Faith may find;  
 And are to thank me that I seem'd unkind.  
 When your malicious Fortune doom'd your Fall  
 My Care restrain'd you, then, from losing all.  
 Against your Destiny I shut the Gate,  
 And gather'd up the Shipwrecks of your Fate.  
 I, like a Friend, did ev'n your self withstand,  
 From throwing all upon a losing Hand.

*Abdal.* My Love makes all your Acts unquestion'd go,  
 And sets a Sov'reign Stamp on all you do.  
 Your Love, I will believe with hood-wink'd Eyes;  
 In Faith, much Merit in much Blindness lyes.  
 But now, to make you Great as you are Fair,  
 The Spaniards an Imperial Crown prepare.

*Lyndar.* That Gift's more welcome, which with you I share!  
 Let us no time in fruitless Courtship lose,  
 But fall out upon our frighted Foes.

No Ornaments of Pow'r so please my Eyes  
As Purple, which the Blood of Princes dies.

[*Exeunt. He leading her.*]

## S C E N E, *The Alhambra.*

Boabdelin, Abenamar, Almahide, *Guards, &c.*

*The Queen wearing a Scarf.*

*Aben.* My little Journey has successful been;  
The fierce *Almanzor* will obey the Queen.  
I found him, like *Achilles* on the Shore,  
Pensive, complaining much, but threatening more.  
And, like that injur'd *Greek*, he heard our Woes:  
Which, while I told, a gloomy Smile arose  
From his bent Brows: And still, the more he heard,  
A more severe and sullen Joy appear'd,  
But, when he knew we to Despair were driv'n,  
Betwixt his Teeth he mutter'd Thanks to Heav'n.

*Boab.* How I disdain this Aid! which I must take,  
Not for my own, but *Almahide's* sake.

*Aben.* But when he heard it was the Queen who sent,  
That her Command repeal'd his Banishment,  
He took the Summons with a greedy Joy,  
And ask'd me how she would his Sword employ?  
Then bid me say, her humblest Slave would come,  
From her fair Mouth with Joy to take his Doom.

*Boab.* Oh that I had not sent you! though it cost  
My Crown! though I, and it, and all were lost!

*Aben.* While I, to bring this News, came on before,  
I met with *Selin*——

*Boab.*————— I can hear no more.

*Enter Hamet.*

*Hamet.* *Almanzor* is already at the Gate,  
And Throngs of People on his Entrance wait.

*Boab.* Thy News does all my Faculties surprize,  
He bears two Basilisks in those fierce Eyes:  
And that tame Dæmon which should guard my Throne,  
Shrinks at a Genius greater than his own.

[*Exit Boabdelin, with Aben. and Guards.*]

*Enter Almanzor; seeing Almahide approach him he speaks.*

*Almanz.* So *Venus* moves, when to the Thunderer,  
In Smiles or Tears, she would some Sute prefer.

When



When with her Cestus girt—  
 And drawn by Doves, she cuts the liquid Skies,  
 And kindles gentle Fires where-e'er she flies;  
 To ev'ry Eye a Goddess is confest;  
 By all the Heav'nly Nation she is blest,  
 And each with secret Joy admits her to his Breast.

*To her bowing.*

Madam, your new Commands I come to know:  
 If yet you can have any where I go.  
 If to the Regions of the Dead they be,  
 You take the speediest course to send by me.

*Almah.* Heav'n has not destin'd you so soon to Rest:  
 Heroes must live to succour the Distrest.

*Almanz.* To serve such Beauty all Mankind should live;  
 And, in our Service, our Reward you give:  
 But stay me not in Torture, to behold  
 And ne'er enjoy. As from another's Gold  
 The Miser hastens, in his own Defence,  
 And shuns the Sight of tempting Excellence;  
 So, having seen you once so killing Fair,  
 A second Sight were but to move Despair.  
 I take my Eyes from what too much would please:  
 As Men in Feavers furnish their Disease.

*Almah.* No; you may find your Cure an easier way,  
 If you are pleas'd to seek it, in your Stay.  
 All Objects lose by too familiar View,  
 When that great Charm is gone of being New.  
 By often seeing me, you soon will find  
 Defects so many, in my Face and Mind,  
 That to be freed from Love you need not doubt;  
 And, as you look'd it in, you'll look it out.

*Almanz.* I, rather, like weak Armies, should retreat;  
 And so prevent my more entire Defeat.  
 For your own sake in Quiet let me go:  
 Press not too far, on a despairing Foe:  
 I may turn back, and arm'd against you move,  
 With all the furious Train of hopeless Love.

*Almah.* Your Honour cannot to ill Thoughts give way;  
 And mine can run no Hazard by your Stay.

*Almanz.* Do you then think, I can with Patience see  
 That sov'reign Good possess'd, and not by me?  
 No; I all Day shall languish at the Sight;  
 And rave on what I do not see, all Night.  
 My quick Imagination will present  
 The Scenes and Images of your Content:

*Almah.*

*Almah.* These are the Day-dreams which wild Fancy yields,  
Empty as Shadows are, that fly o'er Fields.

O, whither would this boundless Fancy move!

'Tis but the raging Calenture of Love.

Like a distracted Passenger you stand,

And see, in Seas, imaginary Land,

Cool Groves, and flow'ry Meads; and, while you think

To walk, plunge in, and wonder that you sink.

*Almanz.* Love's Calenture too well I understand;

But sure your Beauty is no Fairy-Land!

Of your own Form a Judge you cannot be;

For, Glow-worm like, you shine, and do not see.

*Almah.* Can you think this, and would you go away?

*Almanz.* What Recompence attends me if I stay?

*Almah.* You know I am from Recompence debar'd;

But I will grant your Merit a Reward.

Your Flame's too noble to deserve a Cheat;

And I too plain to practise a Deceit.

I no Return of Love can ever make;

But what I ask is for my Husband's sake:

He, I confess, has been ungrateful too;

But he and I are ruin'd if you go.

Your Virtue to the hardest Proof I bring:

Unbrib'd, preserve a Mistress and a King.

*Almanz.* I'll stop at nothing that appears so brave;

I'll do't: And now I no Reward will have.

You've giv'n my Honour such an ample Field,

That I may die, but that shall never yield.

Spight of my self I'll Stay, Fight, Love, Despair;

And I can do all this, because I dare.

Yet I may own one Suit——

That Scarf, which, since by you it has been born,

Is blest'd, like Relicks which by Saints were worn.

*Almah.* Presents, like this, my Virtue durst not make,

But that 'tis giv'n you for my Husband's sake.

*Almanz.* This Scarf to Honourable Rags I'll wear:

As conqu'ring Soldiers tatter'd Ensigns bear.

But O-how much my Fortune I despise,

Which gives me Conquest, while she Love-denies!

[Exit.]

N A C T



## A C T III.

## S C E N E, The Alhambra.

Almahide, Esperanza.

*Esper.* **A**ffected Modesty has much of Pride;  
That Scarf he begg'd, you could not have deny'd:  
Nor does it shock the Virtue of a Wife,  
When giv'n that Man, to whom you owe your Life.

*Almah.* Heaven knows, from all intent of Ill I was free;  
Yet it may feed my Husband's Jealousie;  
And, for that cause, I wish it were not done.

*To them Boabdelin; and walks apart.*

See where he comes, all pensive and alone;  
A gloomy Fury has o'er-spread his Face:  
'Tis so! and all my Fears are come to pass.

*Boab.* Marriage, thou Curse of Love, and Snare of Life; *[Aside.]*  
That first debas'd a Mistress to a Wife!  
Love, like a Scene, at distance should appear;  
But Marriage views the gross-daub'd Landskip near.  
Love's nauseous Cure! thou cloy'st whom thou should'st please;  
And, when thou cur'st, then thou art the Disease.  
When Hearts are loose, thy Chain our Bodies ties;  
Love couples Friends; but Marriage, Enemies.  
If Love, like mine, continues after thee,  
'Tis soon made four, and turn'd by Jealousie.  
No sign of Love in jealous Men remains,  
But that which sick Men have of Life; their Pains.

*Almahide walks to him.*

Has my dear Lord some new Affliction had?  
Have I done any thing that makes him sad?

*Boab.* You! Nothing: You! But let me walk alone!

*Almah.* I will not leave you till the Cause be known:  
My knowledge of the Ill may bring Relief.

*Boab.* Thank ye: You never fail to cure my Grief!  
Trouble me not; my Grief concerns not you.

*Almah.* While I have Life I will your Steps pursue.

*Boab.* I'm out of Humour now; you must not stay.

*Almah.* I fear it is that Scarf I gave away.

*Boab.* No; 'tis not that:——But speak of it no more:  
Go hence; I am not what I was before.

*Almah.*

*Almah.* Then I will make you so; give me your Hand!  
Can you this Pressing, and these Tears withstand!

[*Boab. sighing, and going off from her.*]

Oh Heav'n, were she but mine, or mine alone!  
Ah, why are not the Hearts of Women known!  
False Women to new Joys unseen can move:  
There are no Prints left in the Paths of Love.  
All Goods besides by Publick Marks are known;  
But what we most desire to keep, has none.

[*Almah. approaching him.*]

Why will you in your Breast your Passion croud,  
Like unborn Thunder rolling in a Cloud?  
Torment not your poor Heart, but set it free;  
And rather let its Fury break on me.  
I am not marry'd to a God; I know  
Men must have Passions, and can bear from you.  
I fear th'unlucky Present I have made!

*Boab.* O Pow'r of Guilt! how Conscience can upbraid!  
It forces her not only to reveal,  
But to repeat what she would most conceal!

*Almah.* Can such a Toy, and giv'n in Publick too—

*Boab.* False Woman, you contriv'd it should be so.  
That publick Gift in private was design'd.  
The Emblem of the Love you meant to bind.  
Hence from my Sight, ungrateful as thou art;  
And, when I can, I'll banish thee my Heart.

[*She weeps.*]

*To them Almanzor wearing the Scarf:*

*He sees her weep.*

*Almanz.* What precious Drops are those  
Which, silently, each others Track pursue,  
Bright as young Diamonds in their infant Dew?  
Your Lustre you should free from Tears maintain;  
Like *Egypt*, rich without the help of Rain.  
Now curs'd be he who gave this Cause of Grief;  
And double curs'd who does not give Relief.

*Almah.* Our common Fears, and publick Miseries,  
Have drawn these Tears from my afflicted Eyes.

*Almanz.* Madam, I cannot easily believe  
It is for any publick Cause you grieve.  
On your fair Face the Marks of Sorrow lye;  
But I read Fury in your Husband's Eye.  
And, in that Passion, I too plainly find  
That you're unhappy, and that he's unkind.

*Almah.* Not new-made Mothers greater Love express  
Than he; when with first Looks their Babes they bless.



Not Heav'n is more to dying Martyrs kind;  
Nor Guardian Angels, to their Charge assign'd.  
*Boab.* O Goodness counterfeited to the Life!

O the well acted Virtue of a Wife!  
Would you with this my just Suspensions blind?  
You've giv'n me great occasion to be kind!  
The Marks, too, of your spotless Love appear;  
Witness the Badge of my Dishonour there.

[Pointing to Almanzor's Scarf.]

*Almanz.* Unworthy Owner of a Gem so rare!  
Heav'ns, why must he possess, and I despair!  
Why is this Miser doom'd to all this Store;  
He, who has all, and yet believes he's poor?

*Almahide to Almanzor.*

You're much too bold, to blame a Jealousie,  
So kind in him, and so desir'd by me.  
The Faith of Wives would unrewarded prove,  
Without those just Observers of our Love.  
The greater Care the higher Passion shows;  
We hold that dearest we most fear to lose.  
Distrust in Lovers is too warm a Sun,  
But yet 'tis Night in Love when that is gone.  
And, in those Climes which most his scorching know,  
He makes the noblest Fruits and Metals grow.

*Almanz.* Yes, there are Mines of Treasure in your Breast,  
Seen by that jealous Sun, but not possess'd.  
He, like a Devil among the Bless'd above,  
Can take no Pleasure in your Heav'n of Love.  
Go, take her; and thy causeless Fears remove;  
Love her so well that I with Rage may die:  
Dull Husbands have no Right to Jealousie:  
If that's allow'd, it must in Lovers be.

[To the King.]

*Boab.* The Succour which thou bring'st me makes thee bold:  
But know, without thy Aid, my Crown I'll hold.  
Or, if I cannot, I will fire the Place:  
Of a full City make a naked Space.  
Hence, then, and from a Rival set me free:  
I'll do, I'll suffer any thing, but thee.

*Almanz.* I wo't not go; I'll not be forc'd away:  
I came not for thy sake; nor do I stay.  
It was the Queen who for my Aid did send;  
And 'tis I only can the Queen defend:  
I, for her sake, thy Scepter will maintain;  
And thou, by me, in spite of thee, shalt reign.

*Boab.* Had I but hope I could defend this Place  
Three Days, thou shou'dst not live to my Disgrace  
So small a time——

Might

Might I possess my *Almahide* alone,  
I would live Ages out e'er they were gone.  
I should not be of Love or Life bereft;  
All should be spent before, and nothing left.

*Almahide to Boabdelin.*

As for your sake I for *Almanzor* sent,  
So, when you please, he goes to Banishment.  
You shall, at last, my Loyalty approve:  
I will refuse no trial of my Love.

*Boab.* How can I think you love me, while I see  
That Trophy of a Rival's Victory?  
I'll tear it from his Side.

*Almanz.* ————— I'll hold it fast  
As Life; and when Life's gone, I'll hold this last.  
And, if thou tak'st it after I am Slain,  
I'll send my Ghost to fetch it back again.

*Almah.* When I bestow'd that Scarf, I had not thought,  
Or not consider'd, it might be a Fault.  
But, since my Lord's displeas'd that I should make  
So small a Present, I command it back.  
Without Delay th' unlucky Gift restore:  
Or, from this Minute, never see me more.

[*Almanzor pulling it off hastily, and presenting it to her.*

The Shock of such a Curse I dare not stand:  
Thus I obey your absolute Command. [*She gives it to the King.*  
Must he the Spoils of scorn'd *Almanzor* wear?  
May *Turnus* Fate be thine; who dar'd to bear  
The Belt of murder'd *Pallas*; from afar  
May'st thou be known, and be the Mark of War.  
Live, just to see it from thy Shoulders torn  
By common Hands, and by some Coward worn. [*An Alarm within.*

*Enter Abdelmelech, Zulema, Hamet, Abenamar;  
their Swords drawn.*

*Abdelm.* Is this a time for Discord or for Grief?  
We perish, Sir, without your quick Relief.  
I have been fool'd, and am unfortunate,  
The Foes pursue their Fortune and our Fate.

*Zul.* The Rebels with the *Spaniards* are agreed.

*Boab.* Take Breath; my Guards shall to the Fight succeed.

*Abenamar to Almanzor.*

Why stay you, Sir? The conqu'ring Foe is near:  
Give us their Courage, and give them our Fear.

*Hamet.* Take Arms, or we must perish in your Sight.

*Almanz.* I care not; perish; for I will not fight.  
I wo'not lift my Arm in his Defence:  
And yet I wo'not stir one Foot from hence.



I to your King's Defence his Town resign;  
This only Spot, whereon I stand, is mine.  
Madam, be safe, and lay aside your Fear,  
You are, as in a Magick Circle, here.

[To the Queen.]

Boab. To our own Valour our Success we'll owe.  
Haste, Hamet, with *Abenamar* to go;  
You two draw up, with all the speed you may,  
Our last Reserves, and yet redeem the Day.

[*Exeunt Hamet and Abenamar one Way, the King the other, with Abdelmelech, &c. Alarm within.*]

*Enter Abdelmelech, his Sword drawn.*

*Abdelm.* Granada is no more! th' unhappy King  
Vent'ring too far, e'er we could Succour bring,  
Was, by the Duke of *Arcos*, Pris'ner made;  
And, past Relief, is to the Fort convey'd.

*Almanz.* Heav'n, thou art just! go, now despise my Aid.

*Almah.* Unkind *Almanzor*, how am I betray'd!  
Betray'd by him in whom I trusted most!  
But I will ne'er out-live what I have lost.  
Is this your Succour, this your boasted Love!  
I will accuse you to the Saints above!

*Almanzor* vow'd he would for Honour fight;  
And lets my Husband perish in my fight.

[*Exeunt Almahide and Esperanza.*]

*Almanz.* O, I have err'd; but Fury made me blind;  
And, in her just Reproach, my Fault I find!  
I promis'd ev'n for him to fight, whom I——  
——But since he's lov'd by her he must not die.  
Thus, happy Fortune comes to me in vain,  
When I my self must ruin it again.

*To him Abenamar, Hamet, Abdelmelech, Zulema, Soldiers.*

*Aben.* The Foe has enter'd the *Vermillion* Tow'rs;  
And nothing but th' *Alhambra* now is ours.

*Almanz.* Ev'n that's too much, except we may have more;  
You lost it all to that last Stake before:  
Fate, now come back; thou can'st not farther get;  
The Bounds of thy Libration here are set.  
Thou know'st this Place,——

And, like a Clock wound up, strik'st here for me;  
Now, Chance, assert thy own Inconstancy:  
And, Fortune, fight, that thou may'st Fortune be.  
They come; here, favour'd by the narrow Place,  
I can, with few, their gross Battalion face.  
By the dead Wall, you *Abdelmelech*, wind;  
Then, charge; and their Retreat cut off behind.

[A Noise within.]

[*Exeunt.*  
[An Alarm within.  
*Enter*

*Enter Almanzor and his Party, with Abdalla Prisoner.*

*Almanz.* You were my Friend; and to that Name I owe [To Abdal.  
The just Regard, which you refus'd to show.  
Your Liberty I frankly would restore;  
But Honour now forbids me to do more.  
Yet, Sir, your Freedom in your Choice shall be;  
When you command to set your Brother free.

*Abdal.* Th' Exchange which you propose, with Joy I take;  
An Offer easier than my Hopes could make.  
Your Benefits revenge my Crimes to you:  
For I my Shame in that bright Mirror view.

*Almanz.* No more; you give me Thanks you do not owe:  
I have been faulty, and repent me now.  
But, though our Penitence a Virtue be,  
Mean Souls alone repent in Misery.  
The Brave own Faults when good Success is giv'n;  
For then they come on equal Terms to Heav'n.

[*Exeunt.*]

## S C E N E, *The Albayzyn.*

*Ozmyn and Benzayda.*

*Benz.* I see there's somewhat which you fear to tell;  
Speak quickly, *Ozmyn*, is my Father well;——  
——Why cross you thus your Arms, and shake your Head?  
Kill me at once, and tell me he is dead.

*Ozm.* I know not more than you; but fear not less;  
Twice sinking, twice I drew him from the Press:  
But the victorious Foe pursu'd so fast,  
That flying Throngs divided us at last.  
As Seamen parting in a general Wreck,  
When first the loos'ning Planks begin to crack,  
Each catches one; and straight are far disjoin'd,  
Some born by Tides, and others by the Wind;  
So, in this Ruin, from each other rent,  
With heav'd up Hands we mutual Farewells sent;  
Methought his Eyes, when just I lost his View,  
Were looking Blessings to be sent to you.

*Benz.* Blind Queen of Chance, to Lovers too severe,  
Thou rul'st Mankind, but art a Tyrant there!  
Thy widest Empire's in a Lover's Breast:  
Like open Seas, we seldom are at rest.  
Upon thy Coasts our Wealth is daily cast;  
And thou, like Pirates, mak'st no Peace to last.

*To them Lyndaraxa, Duke of Arcos, and Guards.*

*D. Arcos.* We are surpriz'd when least we did suspect;  
And justly suffer'd by our own Neglect.

*Lyndar.*



*Lyndar.* No; none but I have Reason to complain;  
So near a Kingdom, yet 'tis lost again!  
O, how unequally in me were join'd  
A creeping Fortune, with a soring Mind!  
O Lottery of Fate! where still the wise  
Draw Blanks of Fortune, and the Fool's the Prize!  
These cross, ill-shuffled Lots from Heav'n are sent;  
Yet dull Religion teaches us Content.  
But, when we ask it where that Blessing dwells,  
It points to Pedant Colleges, and Cells.  
There, shows it rude, and in a homely Dress;  
And that proud Want mistakes for Happiness.

[*A Trumpet within.*

*Enter Zulema.*

Brother! what strange Adventure brought you here?

*Zul.* The News I bring will yet more strange appear.  
The little Care you of my Life did show,  
Has of a Brother justly made a Foe:  
And *Abdelmelech*, who that Life did save,  
As justly has deserv'd that Love he gave.

*Lyndar.* Your Bus'ness cools, while tediously it stays  
On the low Theme of *Abdelmelech's* Praise.

*Zul.* This I present from Prince *Abdalla's* Hands.

[*Delivers a Letter, which she reads.*

*Lyndar.* He has propos'd, (to free him from his Bands)  
That, with his Brother, an Exchange be made.

*D. Arcos.* It proves the same Design which we had laid.  
Before the Castle let a Bar be set;  
And, when the Captives on each side are met,  
With equal Numbers chosen for their Guard,  
Just at the time the Passage is unbarr'd,  
Let both at once advance, at once be free.

*Lyndar.* Th'Exchange I will my self in Person see.

*Benz.* I fear to ask, yet would from Doubt be freed;  
Is *Selin* Captive, Sir, or is he dead?

*Zul.* I grieve to tell you what you needs must know,  
He is a Pris'ner to his greatest Foe.

Kept, with strong Guards, in the *Alhambra* Tow'r;  
Without the Reach ev'n of *Almanzor's* Pow'r.

*Ozm.* With Grief and Shame I am at once oppress'd.

*Zul.* You will be more when I relate the rest.

To you I from *Abenamar* am sent;

[*To Ozmyn.*

And you alone can *Selin's* Death prevent.

Give up your self a Pris'ner in his stead;

Or, e'er to morrow's dawn, believe him dead.

*Benz.* E'er that appear I shall expire with Grief.

*Zul.* Your Action swift, your Counsel must be brief.

*Lyndar.*

*Lyndar.* While for *Abdalla's* Freedom we prepare,  
You in each others Breast unload your Care.

[*Exeunt all but Ozmyn and Benzayda.*]

*Benz.* My Wishes Contradictions must imply;  
You must not go; and yet he must not die.  
Your Reason may, perhaps, th'Extreams unite;  
But there's a Mist of Fate before my Sight.

*Ozm.* The two Extreams too distant are to close;  
And Human Wit can no Mid-way propose.  
My Duty therefore shows the nearest way;  
To free your Father, and my own obey.

*Benz.* Your Father, whom since yours, I grieve to bid  
Has lost, or quite forgot a Parent's Name.  
And, when at once possess'd of him and you,  
Instead of freeing one, will murder two.

*Ozm.* Fear not my Life; but suffer me to go:  
What cannot only Sons with Parents do!  
'Tis not my Death my Father does pursue;  
He only would withdraw my Love from you.

*Benz.* Now, *Ozmyn*, now your want of Love I see:  
For would you go, and hazard losing me?

*Ozm.* I rather would ten thousand Lives forsake:  
Nor can you e'er believe the Doubt you make.

— This Night I with a chosen Band will go;  
And, by surprise, will free him from the Foe.

*Benz.* What Foe! ah whither would your Virtue fall!  
It is your Father whom the Foe you call.  
Darkness and Rage will no Distinction make;  
And yours may perish for my Father's sake.

*Ozm.* Thus, when my weaker Virtue goes astray,  
Yours pulls it back; and guides me in the Way:  
I'll send him word, my Being shall depend  
On *Selin's* Life, and with his Death shall end.

*Benz.* 'Tis that indeed would glut your Father's Rage:  
Revenge on *Ozmyn's* Youth, and *Selin's* Age.

*Ozm.* Whate'er I plot, like *Sisyphus*, in vain  
I heave a Stone that tumbles down again.

*Benz.* This Glorious Work is then reserv'd for me;  
He is my Father; and I'll set him free.  
These Chains my Father for my Sake does wear:  
I made the Fault; and I the Pains will bear.

*Ozm.* Yes; you no doubt have merited those Pains:  
Those Hands, those tender Limbs were made for Chains!  
Did I not love you, yet it were too base  
To let a Lady suffer in my Place.



Those proofs of Virtue you before did show  
I did admire; but I must Envy now.  
Your vast Ambition leaves no Fame for me,  
But grasps at Universal Monarchy.

*Benz.* Yes, *Ozmyu*, I shall still this Palm pursue;  
I will not yield my Glory, ev'n to you.  
I'll break those Bonds in which my Father's ty'd:  
Or, if I cannot break 'em, I'll divide.  
What, though my Limbs a Woman's weakness show;  
I have a Soul as *Masculine* as you.  
And, when these Limbs want Strength my Chains to wear,  
My Mind shall teach my Body how to bear. [Exit Benzayda.]

*Ozm.* What I resolve I must not let her know;  
But Honour has decreed she must not go.  
What she resolves I must prevent with care;  
She shall not in my Fame or Danger share.  
I'll give strict Order to the Guards which wait;  
That, when she comes, she shall not pass the Gate.  
Fortune, at last, has run me out of Breath;  
I have no Refuge, but the Arms of Death:  
To that dark Sanctuary I will go;  
She cannot reach me when I lye so low.

### SCENE, *The Albayzyn.*

*Enter, on one Side, Almanzor, Abdalla, Abdelmelech, Zulema, Hamet.*  
*On the other Side, the Duke of Arcos, Boabdelin, Lyndaraxa, and their*  
*Party. After which the Bars are opened; and at the same time Boab-*  
*delin and Abdalla pass by each other, each to his Party: When Ab-*  
*dalla is pass'd on the other Side, the Duke of Arcos approaches the Bars,*  
*and calls to Almanzor.*

*D. Arcos.* The Hatred of the Brave with Battels ends;  
And Foes, who fought for Honour, then are Friends.  
I love thee, brave *Almanzor*, and am proud  
To have one Hour when Love may be allow'd.  
This Hand, in sign of that Esteem, I plight:  
We shall have angry Hours enough to fight. [Giving his Hand.]

*Almanz.* The Man who dares, like you, in Fields appear,  
And meet my Sword, shall be my Mistress here.  
If I am proud, 'tis only to my Foes;  
Rough but to such who Virtue would oppose.  
If I some Fierceness from a Father drew,  
A Mother's Milk gives me some Softness too.

*D. Arcos.*

**D. Arcos.** Since first you took, and after set me free;  
(Whether a Sense of Gratitude it be,  
Or some more secret Motion of my Mind,  
For which I want a Name that's more than Kind)  
I shall be glad, by what e're means I can,  
To get the Friendship of so brave a Man:  
And would your unavailing Valour call,  
From Aiding those whom Heav'n has doom'd to fall.  
We owe you that Respect——  
Which to the Gods of Foes besieg'd was shown;  
To call you out before we take your Town.

**Almanz.** Those whom we love, we should esteem 'em too;  
And not debauch that Virtue which we woove.  
Yet, though you give my Honour just Offence,  
I'll take your Kindness in the better Sense:  
And, since you for my Safety seem to fear,  
I, to return your Bride, should wish you here.  
But, since I love you more than you do me,  
In all Events preserve your Honour free:  
For that's your own, though not your Destiny.

**D. Arcos.** Were you Oblig'd in Honour by a Trust,  
I should not think my own Proposals just.  
But since you fight for an unthankful King,  
What loss of Fame can Change of Parties bring?

**Almanz.** It will, and may with Justice too be thought,  
That some Advantage in that Change I fought.  
And, though I twice have chang'd, for Wrongs receiv'd,  
That it was done for Profit, none believ'd.  
The King's Ingratitude I knew before;  
So that can be no Cause of changing more.  
If now I stand, when no Reward can be;  
'Twill show the Fault before was not in me.

**D. Arcos.** Yet there is a Reward to Valour due;  
And such it is, as may be fought by you.  
That beauteous Queen, whom you can never gain,  
While you secure her Husband's Life and Reign.

**Almanz.** Then be it so: Let me have no Return

[Here Lyndaraxa comes near and hears them.]

From him but Hatred; and from her but Scorn:  
There is this Comfort in a noble Fate,  
That I deserve to be more fortunate.  
You have my last Resolve; and now farewell:  
My boding Heart some Mischief does foretell:  
But what it is, Heav'n will not let me know;  
I'm sad to Death, that I must be your Foe.



*D. Arcos.* Heaven, when we meet, if fatal it must be  
To one; spare him; and cast the lot on me.

[*They retire.*]

*Lyndar.* Ah, what a noble Conquest were this Heart!

I am resolv'd I'll try my utmost Art:

In gaining him, I gain that Fortune too

Which he has Wedded, and which I but Woove.

I'll try each secret Passage to his Mind;

And Love's soft Bands about his Heart-strings wind.

Not his vow'd Constancy shall 'scape my Snare;

While he, without, Resistance does prepare

I'll melt into him e'er his Love's aware.

[*She makes a gesture of Invitation to  
Almanzor, who returns again.*]

*Lyndar.* You see, Sir, to how strange a Remedy

A persecuted Maid is forc'd to fly.

Who, much Distress'd, yet scarce has Confidence

To make your noble Pity her Defence.

*Almanz.* Beauty, like yours, can no Protection need;

Or, if it sues, is certain to succeed.

To whate'er Service you ordain my Hand,

Name your Request, and call it your Command.

*Lyndar.* You cannot, Sir, but know, that my ill Fate

Has made me Lov'd with all th'Effects of Hate:

One Lover would, by force, my Person gain;

Which one, as guilty, would by force detain.

Rash *Abdelmelech's* Love I cannot prize;

And fond *Abdalla's* Passion I despise.

As you are Brave, so you are Prudent too,

Advise a wretched Woman what to do.

*Almanz.* Have Courage, Fair one; put your Trust in me;

You shall, at least from those you hate, be free.

Resign your Castle to the King's Command;

And leave your Love Concernments in my Hand.

*Lyndar.* The King, like them, is fierce, and faithless too;

How can I trust him, who has injur'd you?

Keep for your self (and you can grant no less)

What you alone are worthy to possess.

Enter, brave Sir; for, when you speak the Word,

These Gates will open of their own Accord.

The Genius of the Place its Lords will meet;

And bend its Tow'ry Forehead to your Feet.

That little Cittadel, which now you see,

Shall, then, the Head of Conquer'd Nations be:

And ev'ry Turret, from your Coming, rise

The Mother of some great Metropolis.

*Almanz.*

*Almanz.* 'Tis pity Words, which none but Gods should hear:  
 Should lose their Sweetness in a Soldier's Ear:  
 I am not that *Almanzor* whom you praise:  
 But your fair Mouth can fair Ideas raise:  
 I am a Wretch, to whom it is deny'd  
 T'accept, with Honour, what I wish with Pride.  
 And, since I fight not for my self, must bring  
 The Fruits of all my Conquests to the King.

*Lyndar.* Say rather to the Queen; to whose fair Name  
 I know you vow the Trophies of your Fame.  
 I hope she is as Kind as she is Fair:  
 Kinder then unexperienc'd Virgins are  
 To their first Loves; (though she has lov'd before,  
 And that first Innocence is now no more:)  
 But, in Revenge, she gives you all her Heart;  
 (For you are much too Brave to take a Part.)  
 Though, blinded by a Crown, she did not see  
*Almanzor* greater than a King could be;  
 I hope her Love repairs her ill made Choice:  
*Almanzor* cannot be deluded twice.

*Almanz.* No; not deluded; for none count their Gains,  
 Who, like *Almanzor*, frankly give their Pains.

*Lyndar.* *Almanzor*, do not cheat your self, nor me;  
 Your Love is not refin'd to that degree.  
 For, since you have Desires, and those not blest,  
 Your Love's uneasie, and at little rest.

*Almanz.* 'Tis true; my own Unhappiness I see:  
 But who, alas, can my Physician be?  
 Love, like a lazy Ague, I endure,  
 Which fears the Water, and abhors the Cure.

*Lyndar.* 'Tis a Consumption, which your Life does waste:  
 Still flatt'ring you with Hope 'till Help be past.  
 But, since of Cure from her you now despair,  
 You, like consumptive Men, should change your Air.  
 Love somewhere else, 'tis a hard Remedy;  
 But yet you owe your self so much to try.

*Almanz.* My Love's now grown so much a Part of me,  
 That Life would, in the Cure, endanger'd be.  
 At least it like a Limb cut off, would show;  
 And better die than like a Cripple go.

*Lyndar.* You must be brought like mad-Men to their Cure;  
 And Darkness first, and next new Bonds endure:  
 Do you dark Absence to your self ordain:  
 And I, in Charity, will find the Chain.

*Almanz.* Love is that Madness which all Lovers have;  
 But yet 'tis sweet and pleasing so to Rave.



'Tis an Enchantment, where the Reason's bound :  
 But Paradise is in th' enchanted Ground.  
 A Palace, void of Envy, Cares and Strife;  
 Where gentle Hours delude so much of Life.  
 To take those Charms away, and set me free,  
 Is but to send me into Misery.

And Prudence, of whose Cure so much you boast,  
 Restores those Pains, which that sweet Folly lost.

*Lyndar.* I would not, like Philosophers, remove,  
 But show you a more pleasing Shape of Love.  
 You a sad, fullen, froward Love did see;  
 I'll show him kind, and full of Grayety.  
 In short, *Almanzor*, it shall be my Care  
 To show you Love; for you but saw Despair.

*Almanz.* I, in the shape of Love, Despair did see:  
 You, in his Shape, would show Inconstancy.

*Lyndar.* There's no such thing as Constancy you call:  
 Faith ties not Hearts; 'tis Inclination all.  
 Some Wit deform'd, or Beauty much decay'd,  
 First, Constancy in Love, a Virtue made.  
 From Friendship they that Land-mark did remove;  
 And, falsely, plac'd it on the Bounds of Love.  
 Let th' Effects of Change be only try'd:  
 Court me, in jest; and call me *Almahide*.  
 But this is only Counsel I impart;  
 For I, perhaps, should not receive your Heart.

*Almanz.* Fair though you are ————  
 As Summer Mornings, and your Eyes more bright  
 Than Stars that twinkle in a Winter's Night;  
 Though you have Eloquence to warm, and move  
 Cold Age, and praying Hermits into Love;  
 Though *Almahide* with Scorn rewards my Care;  
 Yet, than to change, 'tis nobler to despair.  
 My Love's my Soul; and that from Fate is free:  
 'Tis that unchang'd and deathless Part of me.

*Lyndar.* The Fate of Constancy your Love pursue!  
 Still to be faithful to what's false to you.

[Turns from him, and goes off angrily.]

*Almanz.* Ye Gods, why are not Hearts first pair'd above;  
 But some still interfere in others Love!  
 E'er each, for each, by certain Marks are known,  
 You mould 'em up in haste, and drop 'em down.  
 And while we seek what carelessly you sort,  
 You sit in State, and make our Pains your Sport.

[Exeunt on both sides.]

## ACT IV.

## SCENE I.

Abenamar, and Servants.

Aben. **H**Aste, and conduct the Pris'ner to my Sight.  
*[Exit Servant, and immediately enters with Selin bound.]*

Aben. Did you, according to my Orders, write? *[To Selin.]*  
 And have you summon'd Ozmyn to appear?

Selin. I am not yet so much a Slave to Fear:  
 Nor has your Son deserv'd so ill of me,  
 That, by his Death or Bonds, I would be free.

Aben. Against thy Life thou dost the Sentence give:  
 Behold how short a time thou hast to live.

Selin. Make haste; and draw the Curtain while you may;  
 You but shut out the Twilight of my Day:  
 Beneath the Burden of my Age I bend:  
 You kindly ease me, e'er my Journeys end.

*[To them a Servant, with Ozmyn; Ozmyn kneels.]*

Abenamar to Selin.

It is enough: My Promise makes you free:  
 Resign your Bonds; and take your Liberty.

Ozm. Sir, you are just; and welcome are these Bands;  
 'Tis all th' Inheritance a Son demands.

Selin. Your Goodness, O my Ozmyn, is too great:  
 I am not weary of my Fetters yet:  
 Already, when you move me to resign,  
 I feel 'em heavier on your Feet than mine.

Another Soldier or Servant.

Sold. A Youth attends you in the outer Room,  
 Who seems in haste, and does from Ozmyn come.

Aben. Conduct him in:—

Ozm. Sent from Benzayda, I fear, to me.

*[To them Benzayda in the Habit of a Man.]*

Benz. My Ozmyn here!

Ozm. ——— Benzayda! 'tis she!

Go, Youth; I have no Business for thee here:

Go to th' Albayzyn; and attend me there.

I'll not be long away: I prithee go;

By all our Love and Friendship——

Benz. ——— Ozmyn, no.

I did not take on me this bold Disguise,

For Ends so low to cheat your Watchmens Eyes.

When



When I attempted this, it was to do  
 An Action, to be envy'd ev'n by you:  
 But you, alas, have been too diligent,  
 And, what I purpos'd, fatally prevent!  
 Those Chains, which for my Father I would bear,  
 I take with less Content, to find you here.  
 Except your Father will that Mercy show,  
 That I may wear 'em both for him and you.

*Aben.* I thank thee, Fortune; thou hast, in one Hour,  
 Put all I could have ask'd thee in my Pow'r.  
 My own lost Wealth thou gav'st not only back,  
 But driv'st upon my Coast my Pyrat's Wrack:

*Selin.* With *Ozmyn's* Kindness I was griev'd before;  
 But yours, *Benzayda*, has undone me more.

*Abenamar to a Soldier.*

Go fetch new Fetters, and the Daughter bind.

*Ozm.* Be just, at least, Sir, though you are not kind.  
*Benzayda* is not, as a Pris'ner, brought;  
 But comes to suffer for another's Fault.

*Aben.* Then, *Ozmyn*, mark, that Justice which I do,  
 I, as severely, will exact from you.  
 The Father is not wholly dead in me:  
 Or you may yet revive it, if it be.

Like Tapers new blown out, the Fumes remain  
 To catch the Light; and bring it back again.

*Benzayda* gave you Life, and set you free;  
 For that, I will restore her Liberty.

*Ozm.* Sir, on my Knees I thank you.

*Aben.* ————— *Ozmyn*, hold:

One Part of what I purpose is untold:

Consider, then, it on your Part remains,

When I have broke, not to resume your Chains.

Like an Indulgent Father, I have pay'd

All Debts, which you, my Prodigal, have made.

Now you are clear, break off your fond Design;

Renounce *Benzayda*, and be wholly mine.

*Ozm.* Are these the Terms? Is this the Liberty?

Ah, Sir, how can you so inhuman be?

My Duty to my Life I will prefer;

But Life and Duty must give place to her.

*Aben.* Consider what you say; for, with one Breath,  
 You disobey my Will, and give her Death.

*Ozm.* Ah, cruel Father, what do you propose?

Must I, then, kill *Benzayda*, or must lose?

I can do neither; in this wretched State

The least that I can suffer is your Hate;

And

And yet, that's worse than Death: Ev'n while I sue;  
And chuse your Hatred, I could die for you.  
Break, quickly, Heart; or let my Blood be spilt  
By my own Hand, to save a Father's Guilt.

*Benz.* Hear me, my Lord, and take this wretched Life,  
To free you from the Fear of *Ozmyn's* Wife.  
I beg but what with ease may granted be;  
To spare your Son, and kill your Enemy.  
Or, if my Death's a Grace too great to give,  
Let me, my Lord, without my *Ozmyn* live.  
Far from your Sight and *Ozmyn's* let me go;  
And take from him a Care, from you a Foe.

*Ozm.* How, my *Benzayda*! can you thus resign  
That Love, which you have vow'd so firmly mine?  
Can you leave me for Life and Liberty?

*Benz.* What I have done will show that I dare die,  
But I'll twice suffer Death, and go away,  
Rather than make you wretched by my Stay;  
By this my Father's Freedom will be won:  
And to your Father I restore a Son.

*Selin.* Cease, cease, my Children, your unhappy Strife;  
*Selin* will not be ransom'd by your Life.  
Barbarian, thy old Foe defies thy Rage:  
Turn from their Youth thy Malice, to my Age.

[To *Aben*.

*Benz.* Forbear, dear Father, for your *Ozmyn's* sake;  
Do not such Words to *Ozmyn's* Father speak.

*Ozm.* Alas, 'tis counterfeited Rage; he strives  
But to divert the Danger from our Lives.  
For I can witness, Sir, and you might see,  
How in your Person he consider'd me.  
He still declin'd the Combat where you were;  
And you well know it was not out of Fear.

*Benz.* Alas, my Lord, where can your Vengeance fall?  
Your Justice will not let it reach us all.

*Selin* and *Ozmyn* both would Sufferers be;  
And Punishment's a Favour done to me.

If we are Foes, since you have Pow'r to kill,  
'Tis gen'rous in you not to have the Will.

But, are we Foes? Look round, my Lord, and see;  
Point out that Face which is your Enemy.

Would you your Hand in *Selin's* Blood embrue?

Kill him unarm'd, who, arm'd, shunn'd killing you.

Am I your Foe? Since you detest my Line,

That hated Name of *Zagry* I resign:

For you, *Benzayda* will her self disclaim;

Call me your Daughter, and forget my Name.



*Selin.* This Virtue would ev'n Savages subdue;  
And shall it want the Pow'r to vanquish you?

*Ozm.* It has, it has: I read it in his Eyes:  
'Tis now not Anger; 'tis but Shame denies.

A Shame of Error, that great Spirits find,  
Which keeps down Virtue struggling in the Mind.

*Aben.* Yes; I am vanquish'd! The fierce Conflict's past:  
And Shame it self is now o'ercome at last.

'Twas long before my stubborn Mind was won;  
But, melting once, I on the sudden run.

Nor can I hold my headlong Kindness more,  
Than I could curb my cruel Rage before.

[Runs to Benz. and embraces her.

*Benzayda,* 'twas your Virtue vanquish'd me:  
That could alone surmount my Cruelty.

[Runs to Selin, and unbinds him.

Forgive me, *Selin*, my Neglect of you:

But Men, just waking, scarce know what they do.

*Ozm.* O Father!

*Benz.* ————— Father!

*Aben.* ————— Dare I own that Name!

Speak, speak it often, to remove my Shame.

[They all embrace him.

O *Selin*, O my Children, let me go!

I have more Kindness than I yet can show.

For my Recov'ry, I must shun your Sight:

Eyes, us'd to Darkness, cannot bear the Light.

[He runs in, they following him.

## S C E N E, *The Albayzyn.*

*Almanzor, Abdelmelech, Soldiers.*

*Almanz.* 'Tis War again; and I am glad 'tis so;  
Success shall now by Force and Courage go.

Treaties are but the Combats of the Brain,  
Where still the stronger lose, and weaker gain.

*Abdelm.* On this Assault, brave Sir, which we prepare,  
Depends the Sum and Fortune of the War.

Encamp'd without the Fort the *Spaniard* lies;  
And may, in spite of us, send in Supplies.

Consider yet, e'er we attack the Place,  
What 'tis to storm it in an Army's Face.

*Almanz.* The Minds of Heroes their own Measures are,  
They stand exempted from the Rules of War.

One Loose, one Sally of the Heroe's Soul,  
Does all the Military Art control.  
While tim'rous Wit goes round, or foords the Shore;  
He shoots the Gulph, and is already o'er.  
And, when th' Enthusiastick Fit is spent,  
Looks back amaz'd at what he underwent.

[*Exeunt.*

[*An Alarm within.*

*Enter Almanzor and Abdelmelech with their Soldiers.*

*Abdelm.* They fly, they fly; take Breath and Charge again.

*Almanz.* Make good your Entrance, and bring up more Men;  
I fear'd, brave Friend, my Aid had been too late.

*Abdelm.* You drew us from the Jaws of certain Fate.

At my Approach

The Gate was open, and the Draw-bridge down;  
But when they saw I stood, and came not on,  
They charg'd with Fury on my little Band;  
Who, much o'er-power'd, could scarce the Shock withstand.

*Almanz.* E'er Night we shall the whole *Albayzyn* gain.  
But see, the *Spaniards* march along the Plain  
To its Relief; you, *Abdelmelech*, go  
And force the rest, while I repulse the Foe.

[*Exit Almanzor.*

*Enter Abdalla, and some few Soldiers, who  
seem fearful.*

*Abdal.* Turn, Cowards, turn; there is no hope in Flight;  
You yet may live, if you but dare to Fight.  
Come, you brave few, who only fear to fly:  
We're not enough to Conquer, but to Die.

*Abdelm.* No, Prince; that mean Advantage I refuse:  
'Tis in your Pow'r a nobler Fate to chuse.  
Since we are Rivals, Honour does command  
We should not die, but by each others Hand.  
Retire; and if it prove my Destiny  
To fall, I charge you let the Prince go free.

[*To his Men.*

[*The Soldiers depart on both sides.*

*Abdal.* O, *Abdelmelech*, that I knew some way  
This Debt of Honour which I owe, to pay.  
But Fate has left this only Means for me,  
To die, and leave you *Lyndaraxa* free.

*Abdelm.* He who is vanquish'd and is slain is blest:  
The wretched Conqueror can ne'er have Rest:  
But is reserv'd a harder Fate to prove;  
(Bound in the Fetters of dissembled Love.)

*Abdal.* Now thou art safe; and I deserve her more:  
Without Complaint I will to Death adore,  
Dar'st thou see Faults, and yet dost Love pretend?  
I will even *Lyndaraxa's* Crimes defend.



*Abdelm.* Maintain her Cause, then, better than thy own:  
Than thy ill got, and worse defended Throne.

[*They fight, Abdalla falls.*]

*Abdelm.* Now ask your Life.

*Abdal.* ————— 'Tis gone; that busie thing,  
The Soul, is packing up, and just on Wing.  
Like parting Swallows, when they seek the Spring.  
Like them, at its appointed time, it goes;  
And flies to Countries more unknown than those.

*Enter Lyndaraxa hastily, sees them, and is going out again.*  
*Abdelmelech stopping her.*

No, you shall stay and see a Sacrifice;  
Not offer'd by my Sword, but by your Eyes.  
From those he first ambitious Poison drew;  
And swell'd to Empire, for the Love of you.  
Accursed Fair!  
Thy Comet-blaze portends a Prince's Fate;  
And suffering Subjects groan beneath thy weight.

*Abdal.* Cease, Rival, cease!

I would have forc'd you; but it wou'd not be:  
I beg you now, upbraid her not for me.  
You Fairest, to my Memory be kind: [To Lyndaraxa]  
Lovers, like me, your Sex will seldom find.  
When I usurp'd a Crown for Love of you,  
I, then, did more, than dying now I do.  
I'm still the same as when my Love begun:  
And, could I now this Fate foresee or shun,  
Would yet do all I have already done.

[*She puts her Handkerchief to her Eyes.*]

*Abdelm.* Weep on, weep on; for it becomes you now:  
These Tears you to that Love may well allow.  
His unrepenting Soul, if it could move  
Upward, in Crimes, flew spotted with your Love;  
And brought Contagion to the Bless'd above.

*Lyndar.* He's gone, and Peace go with a constant Mind;  
His Love deserv'd I should have been more kind.  
But then your Love, and greater Worth I knew.  
I was unjust to him, but just to you.

*Abdelm.* I was his Enemy, and Rival too;  
Yet I some Tears to his Misfortunes owe:  
You owe him more; weep then, and join with me:  
So much is due ev'n to Humanity.

*Lyndar.* Weep for this Wretch, whose Memory I hate!  
Whose Folly made us both unfortunate!

Weep

Weep for this Fool, who did my Laughter move!  
This whining, tedious, heavy lump of Love!

*Abdelm.* Had Fortune favour'd him, and frown'd on me,  
I then had been that heavy Fool, not he;  
Just this had been my Fun'ral Elegy.

Thy Arts and Falshood I before did know;  
But this last Baseness was conceal'd 'till now.  
And 'twas no more than needful to be known;  
I could be cur'd by such an Aët alone.  
My Love, half blasted, yet in time would shoot;  
But this last Tempest rends it to the Root.

*Lyndar.* These little Piques, which now your Anger move,  
Will vanish; and are only Signs of Love.

You've been too fierce; and, at some other time,  
I should not, with such ease, forgive your Crime.

But, in a Day of publick Joy, like this,  
I pardon, and forget what e'er's amiss.

*Abdelm.* These Arts have oft prevail'd, but must no more:  
The Spell is ended, and the Enchantment o'er.

You have at last destroy'd, with much ado,  
That Love, which none could have destroy'd, but you.

My Love was blind to your deluding Art;  
But Blind-men feel, when stabb'd so near the Heart.

*Lyndar.* I must confess there was some Pity due:  
But I conceal'd it out of Love to you.

*Abdelm.* No, *Lyndaraxa*; 'tis at last too late:  
Our Loves have mingl'd with too much of Fate.

I would, but cannot now my self deceive!  
O that you still could cheat, and I believe!

*Lyndar.* Do not so light a Quarrel long pursue:  
You grieve your Rival was less lov'd than you.

'Tis hard, when Men of Kindness must complain!

*Abdelm.* I'm now awake, and cannot Dream again.

*Lyndar.* Yet hear——

*Abdelm.* —— No more; nothing my Heart can bend:  
That Queen you scorn'd you shall this Night attend:

Your Life the King has pardon'd for my sake;

But, on your Pride, I some Revenge must take.

See now th' Effects of what your Arts design'd:

Thank your inconstant and ambitious Mind.

'Tis just that she, who to no Love is true,

Should be forsaken, and condemn'd, like you.

*Lyndar.* All Arts of injur'd Women I will try:

First I will be reveng'd; and then I'll die.

But like some falling Tow'r,——



Whose seeming Firmness does the Sight beguile;  
So hold I up my nodding Head a while,  
'Till they come under; and reserve my Fall,  
That with my Ruins I may reach 'em all.

*Abdelm.* Conduct her hence——

[Exit Lyndaraxa guarded.

*Enter a Soldier.*

*Sold.* *Almanzor* is Victorious without Fight;  
The Foes retreated when he came in fight.  
Under the Walls, this Night, his Men are drawn;  
And mean to seek the *Spaniard* with the Dawn.

*Abdelm.* The Sun's declin'd:  
Command the Watch be set without delay;  
And in the Fort let bold *Benducar* stay:  
I'll haste to Court, where Solitude I'll fly;  
And herd, like wounded Deer, in Company.  
But oh, how hard is Passion to remove,  
When I must shun my self, to 'scape from Love!

[Aside.

[Exit.

## SCENE, *The Alhambra, or a Gallery.*

*Zulema, Hamet.*

*Hamet.* I thought your Passion for the Queen was dead:  
Or that your Love had, with your Hopes, been fled.

*Zul.* 'Twas like a Fire within a Furnace pent:  
I smother'd it, and kept it long from Vent.  
But (fed with Looks, and blown with Sighs so fast)  
It broke a Passage through my Lips at last.

*Hamet.* Where found you Confidence your Suit to move?  
Our broken Fortunes are not fit to love.  
Well; you declar'd your Love:——What follow'd then?

*Zul.* She look'd as Judges do on guilty Men:  
When big with Fate they triumph in their Dooms,  
And smile before the deadly Sentence comes.  
Silent I stood, as I were Thunder-struck;  
Condemn'd and executed with a Look.

*Hamet.* You must, with haste, some Remedy prepare:  
Now you are in, you must break through the Snare.

*Zul.* She said she would my Folly yet conceal,  
But vow'd my next Attempt she would reveal.

*Hamet.* 'Tis dark; and, in this lonely Gallery,  
(Remote from Noise, and shunning ev'ry Eye)  
One Hour each Ev'ning she, in private mourns,  
And prays, and to the Circle then returns.  
Now, if you dare attempt her passing by.——

*Zul.* These lighted Tapers show the time is nigh.

Perhaps

Perhaps my Courtship will not be in vain :  
At least, few Women will of Force complain.

*At the other End of the Gallery, Enter Almanzor and Esperanza.*

*Hamet. Almanzor, and with him——*

The fav'rite Slave of the Sultana Queen :

*Zul.* E'er they approach, let us retire unseen ;  
And watch our Time when they return again :  
Then Force shall give, if Favour does deny ;  
And that once done we'll to the *Spaniards* fly.

[*Exeunt.*

*Almanz.* Now stand ; th' Apartment of the Queen is near ;  
And, from this Place, your Voice will reach her Ear.

[*Esperanza goes out.*

# SONG, in Two Parts.

He. **H**OW unhappy a Lover am I,  
While I sigh for my Phillis in vain ;  
All my Hopes of Delight  
Are another Man's Right,  
Who is happy while I am in Pain !

2.

She. Since her Honour allows no Relief,  
But to pity the Pains which you bear,  
'Tis the best of your Fate  
(In a hopeless Estate)  
To give o'er, and betimes to despair.

3.

He. I have try'd the false Medicine in vain ;  
For I wish what I hope not to win :  
From without, my Desire  
Has no Food to its Fire ;  
But it burns and consumes me within.

4.

She. Yet, at least, 'tis a Pleasure to know  
That you are not unhappy alone :  
For the Nymph you adore  
Is as wretched, and more ;  
And counts all your Sufferings her own.

5.

He. O ye Gods, let me suffer for both ;  
At the Feet of my Phillis I'll lie :  
I'll resign up my Breath,  
And take Pleasure in Death,  
To be pity'd by her when I die.

c. She.



6.

She. *What her Honour deny'd you in Life,  
In her Death she will give to your Love.  
Such a Flame as is true  
After Fate will renew,  
For the Souls to meet closer above.*

*Enter Esperanza again after the Song.*

*Almanz.* Accept this Diamond, till I can present  
Something more worthy my Acknowledgment.  
And now farewell: I will attend, alone,  
Her coming forth; and make my Sufferings known. [*Exit Esperanza.*  
*Solus.*

A hollow Wind comes whistling through that Door;  
And a cold Shiv'ring seizes me all o'er:  
My Teeth, too, chatter with a sudden Fright:  
These are the Raptures of too fierce Delight!  
The Combat of the Tyrants, Hope and Fear;  
Which Hearts, for want of Field-room, cannot bear.  
I grow impatient; this, or that's the Room:  
I'll meet her; now, methinks, I hear her come.

*[He goes to the Door; the Ghost of his  
Mother meets him: He starts back:  
The Ghost stands in the Door.]*

*Almanz.* Well may'st thou make thy Boast, what e'er thou art,  
Thou art the first e'er made *Almanzor* start.  
My Legs——  
Shall bear me to thee in their own Despight:  
I'll rush into the Covert of thy Night,  
And pull thee backward by the Shroud, to Light.  
Or else I'll squeeze thee, like a Bladder, there;  
And make thee groan thy self away to Air. [*The Ghost retires.*  
So, art thou gone! Thou canst no Conquest boast:  
I thought what was the Courage of a Ghost.——  
——The grudging of my Ague yet remains:  
My Blood, like Ificles, hangs in my Veins,  
And does not drop: Be Master of that Door,  
We two will not disturb each other more.  
I err'd a little, but Extrems may join;  
That Door was Hell's, but this is Heav'n's and mine.

*[Goes to the other Door, and is met again by the Ghost.]*  
Again! By Heav'n I do conjure thee, speak.  
What art thou, Spirit? and what dost thou seek?

*[The Ghost comes on softly after the Conjuration; and  
Almanzor retires to the middle of the Stage.]*

*Ghost.*

*Ghost.* I am the Ghost of her who gave thee Birth?  
The airy Shadow of her mould'ring Earth.  
Love of thy Father me through Seas did guide;  
On Seas I bore thee, and on Seas I dy'd.  
I dy'd; and for my winding Sheet a Wave  
I had; and all the Ocean for my Grave.  
But, when my Soul to Bliss did upward move,  
I wander'd round the Crystal Walls above;  
But found th'Eternal Fence so steeply high,  
That, when I mounted to the middle Sky,  
I flagg'd, and flutter'd down; and could not fly.  
Then, from the Battlements of th'Heav'nly Tow'r,  
A Watchman Angel bid me wait this Hour;  
And told me I had yet a Task assign'd,  
To warn that little Pledge I left behind;  
And to divert him, e'er it were too late,  
From Crimes unknown, and Errors of his Fate.

*Almanzor bowing.*

Speak, Holy Shade; thou Parent-form, speak on:  
Instruct thy Mortal Elemented Son;  
(For here I wander, to my self unknown.)  
But O, thou better Part of Heav'nly Air,  
Teach me, kind Spirit, (since I'm still thy Care)  
My Parents Names:  
If I have yet a Father, let me know,  
To whose old Age my humble Youth must bow;  
And pay its Duty, if he Mortal be;  
Or Adoration, if a Mind, like thee.

*Ghost.* Then, what I may, I'll tell——  
From ancient Blood thy Father's Lineage springs,  
Thy Mother's thou deriv'st from Stems of Kings.  
A Christian born, and born again that Day,  
When sacred Water wash'd thy Sins away.  
Yet, bred in Errors, thou dost mis-employ  
That Strength Heav'n gave thee, and its Flock destroy.

*Almanz.* By Reason, Man a God-head may discern:  
But, how he should be worship'd, cannot learn.

*Ghost.* Heav'n does not now thy Ignorance reprove,  
But warns thee from known Crimes of lawless Love.  
That Crime thou know'st, and, knowing, does not shun,  
Shall an unknown and greater Crime pull on:  
But if, thus warn'd, thou leav'st this cursed Place,  
Then shalt thou know the Author of thy Race.  
Once more I'll see thee: Then my Charge is done.  
Far hence, upon the Mountains of the Moon,



Is my Abode; where Heav'n and Nature smile,  
And strew with Flow'rs the secret Bed of Nile.  
Bless'd Souls are there refin'd, and made more bright;  
And, in the Shades of Heav'n, prepar'd for Light. [Exit Ghost.

*Almanz.* O Heav'n, how dark a Riddle's thy Decree,  
Which bounds our Wills, yet seems to leave 'em free!  
Since thy Fore-knowledge cannot be in vain,  
Our Choice must be what thou didst first ordain.  
Thus, like a Captive in an Isle confin'd,  
Man walks at large, a Pris'ner of the Mind:  
Wills all his Crimes, while Heav'n th' Indictment draws;  
And, pleading Guilty, justifies the Laws.—  
Let Fate be Fate; the Lover and the Brave  
Are rank'd, at least, above the vulgar Slave.  
Love makes me willing to my Death to run;  
And Courage scorns the Death it cannot shun.

*Enter Almahide with a Taper.*

*Almah.* My Light will sure discover those who talk.—  
Who dares to interrupt my private Walk?

*Almanz.* He, who dares love, and for that Love must die,  
And, knowing this, dares yet love on, am I.

*Almah.* That Love which you can hope, and I can pay,  
May be receiv'd and giv'n in open Day:  
My Praise and my Esteem you had before;  
And you have bound your self to ask no more.

*Almanz.* Yes, I have bound my self; but will you take  
The Forfeit of that Bond which Force did make?

*Almah.* You know you are from Recompence debarr'd;  
But purest Love can live without Reward.

*Almanz.* Pure Love had need be to it self a Feast,  
For, like pure Elements, 'twill nourish least.

*Almah.* It therefore yields the only pure Content;  
For it, like Angels, needs no Nourishment.  
To eat and drink can no Perfection be;  
All Appetite implies Necessity.

*Almanz.* 'Twere well, if I could like a Spirit live:  
But, do not Angels Food to Mortals give.—  
What if some Demon should my Death foreshow,  
Or bid me change, and to the Christians go;  
Will you not think I merit some Reward,  
When I my Love above my Life regard?

*Almah.* In such a case your Change must be allow'd;  
I would, my self, dispense with what you vow'd.

*Almanz.* Were I to die that Hour when I possess,  
This Minute shall begin my Happiness.

*Almah.* The thoughts of Death your Passion would remove;  
Death is a cold Encouragement to Love.

*Almanz.*

*Almanz.* No; from my Joys I to my Death would run;  
And think the Business of my Life well done.  
But I should walk a discontented Ghost,  
If Flesh and Blood were to no purpose lost.

*Almah.* You love me not, *Almanzor*; if you did,  
You would not ask what Honour must forbid.

*Almanz.* And what is Honour, but a Love well hid?

*Almah.* Yes, 'tis the Conscience of an Act well done;  
Which gives us Pow'r our own Desire to shun.  
The strong and secret Curb of headlong Will;  
The Self-reward of Good, and Shame of Ill.

*Almanz.* These, Madam, are the Maxims of the Day;  
When Honour's present, and when Love's away.  
The Duty of poor Honour were too hard,  
In Arms all Day, at Night to mount the Guard.  
Let him in Pity, now, to Rest retire;  
Let these soft Hours be watch'd by warm Desire.

*Almah.* Guards, who all Day on painful Duty keep,  
In Dangers are not privileg'd to Sleep.

*Almanz.* And with what Dangers are you threaten'd here?

Am I, alas, a Foe for you to fear?

See, Madam, at your Feet this Enemy;

Without your Pity and your Love I die.

[Kneels]

*Almah.* Rise, rise; and do not empty Hopes pursue:  
Yet think that I deny my self, not you.

*Almanz.* A Happiness so high, I cannot bear:

My Love's too fierce, and you too killing fair.

I grow enrag'd to see such Excellence:

If Words, so much disorder'd, give Offence;

My Love's too full of Zeal to think of Sense.

Be you like me; dull Reason hence remove;

And tedious Forms, and give a Loose to Love.

Love eagerly; let us be Gods to Night;

And do not, with half yielding, dash Delight.

*Almah.* Thou strong Seducer, Opportunity!

Of Womankind, half are undone by thee!

Though I resolve I will not be mis-led,

I wish I had not heard what you have said!

I cannot be so wicked to comply;

And, yet, am most unhappy to deny!

Away.

*Almanz.* ——— I will not move me from this Place:

I can take no Denial from that Face!

*Almah.* If I could yield, (but think not that I will)

You and my self, I in Revenge should kill.



For I should hate us both, when it were done:  
And would not to the Shame of Life be won.

*Almanz.* Live but to Night, and trust to Morrow's Mind:  
E'er that can come, there's a whole Life behind.  
Methinks already crown'd with Joys I lye;  
Speechless and breathless in an Extasie.

Not absent in one Thought: I am all there:  
Still close, yet wishing still to be more near.

*Almah.* Deny your own Desires; for it will be  
Too little now to be deny'd by me.

Will he, who does all Great, all Noble seem,  
Be lost and forfeit to his own Esteem?

Will he, who may with Heroes claim a Place,  
Belie that Fame, and to himself be base?

Think how August and God-like you did look,  
When my Defence, unbrib'd, you undertook.

But, when an Act so brave you disavow,  
How little, and how mercenary now!

*Almanz.* Are, then, my Services no higher priz'd?  
And can I fall so low to be despis'd?

*Almah.* Yes; for whatever may be bought, is low;  
And you your self, who sell your self, are so.

Remember the great Act you did this Day:  
How did your Love to Virtue then give way?

When you gave Freedom to my Captive Lord;  
That Rival, who possess'd what you ador'd.

Of such a Deed what Price can there be made?  
Think well; is that an Action to be paid?

It was a Miracle of Virtue shown:

And Wonders are with Wonder paid alone.

And would you all that secret Joy of Mind,  
Which great Souls only in great Actions find,

All that, for one tumultuous Minute lose?

*Almanz.* I would that Minute before Ages chuse.

Praise is the Pay of Heav'n for doing good;

But Love's the best return for Flesh and Blood.

*Almah.* You've mov'd my Heart so much, I can deny

No more; but know, *Almanz.*, I can die,

Thus far my Virtue yields; if I have shown

More Love, than what I ought, let this atone.

[Going to stab her self.]

*Almanz.* Hold, hold!

Such fatal Proofs of Love you shall not give:

Deny me; hate me; (both are just) but live!

Your Virtue I will ne'er disturb again;

Nor dare to ask, for fear I should obtain.

*Almah.*

*Almah.* 'Tis gen'rous to have conquer'd your Desire;  
You mount above your Wish, and lose it higher.  
There's Pride in Virtue, and a kindly Heat:  
Not Feaverish, like your Love, but full as great.  
Farewel; and may our Loves hereafter be,  
But Image-like, to heighten Piety.

*Almanz.* 'Tis time I should be gone!  
Alas, I am but half converted yet:  
All I resolve, I with one Look forget.  
And, like a Lion, whom no Arts can tame,  
Shall tear, ev'n those, who would my Rage reclaim. [*Exeunt severally.*  
*[Zulema and Hamet watch Almanzor; and, when*  
*he is gone, go in after the Queen.*

*Enter Abdelmelech and Lyndaraxa.*

*Lyndar.* It is enough; you've brought me to this Place:  
Here stop, and urge no farther my Disgrace.  
Kill me; in Death your Mercy will be seen,  
But make me not a Captive to the Queen.

*Abdelm.* 'Tis therefore I this Punishment provide:  
This only can revenge me on your Pride.  
Prepare to suffer what you shun in vain;  
And know, you are now to Obey, not Reign.

*Enter Almahide shrieking; her Hair loose; she runs*  
*over the Stage.*

*Almah.* Help, help, O Heav'n, some help!

*Enter Zulema and Hamet.*

*Zul.* ——— Make haste before,  
And intercept her Passage to the Door.

*Abdelm.* Villains, what Act are you attempting here!

*Almah.* I thank thee, Heav'n; some Succour does appear.

*[As Abdelmelech is going to help the Queen, Lyndaraxa pulls out his Sword, and holds it.]*

*Abdelm.* With what ill Fate my good Design is curst!

*Zul.* We have no time to think; dispatch him first.

*Abdelm.* O for a Sword!

*[They make at Abdelmelech; he goes off at one Door,*  
*while the Queen escapes at the other.*

*Zul.* Ruin'd!

*Hamet.* ——— Undone!

*Lyndar.* And, which is worst of all,  
He escap'd.

*Zul.* — I hear 'em loudly call.

*Lyndar.* Your Fear will loose you; call as loud as they:  
I have not time to teach you what to say.



The Court will, in a Moment, all be here;  
But second what I say, and do not fear.  
Call Help; run that Way; leave the rest to me.

[Zulema and Hamet retire, and within cry help.

Enter at several Doors, the King, Abenamar, Selin, Ozmyn,  
Almanzor, with Guards attending Boabdlin.

Boab. What can the Cause of all this Tumult be?  
And what the meaning of that naked Sword?

Lyndar. I'll tell, when Fear will so much Breath afford.  
The Queen and Abdelmelech. — 'Twill not out —  
Ev'n I, who saw it, of the Truth yet doubt,  
It seems so strange.

Almanz. — Did she not name the Queen!  
Haste; speak.

Lyndar. — How dare I speak what I have seen!  
With Hamet, and with Zulema I went  
To pay both theirs, and my Acknowledgment  
To Almahide; and by her Mouth implore  
Your Clemency, our Fortunes to restore,  
We chose this Hour, which we believ'd most free,  
When she retir'd from Noise and Company.  
The Anti-chamber past, we gently knock'd,  
(Unheard it seems) but found the Lodgings lock'd.  
In duteous Silence while we waited there,  
We, first a Noise, and then long Whispers hear.  
Yet thought it was the Queen at Pray'rs alone,  
'Till she distinctly said, — If this were known,  
My Love, what Shame, what Danger would ensue!  
Yet I (and sigh'd) could venture more for you!

Boab. O Heaven, what do I hear! (Almanzor) let her go on.

Lyndar. And how? (then murmur'd in a bigger Tone  
Another Voice) and how should it be known?

This Hour is from your Court Attendants free;  
The King suspects Almanzor, but not me. [Zulema at the Door.

I find her drift; Hamet, be confident;  
Second her Words, and fear not the Event.

Zulema and Hamet enter. The King embraces them.

Boab. Welcome, my only Friends; behold in me,  
O Kings, behold th' Effects of Clemency!  
See here the Gratitude of pardon'd Foes!  
That Life I gave 'em, they for me expose!

Hamet. Though Abdelmelech was our Friend before,  
When Duty call'd us he was so no more.

Almanz. Dams your Delay; you Portrurers proceed,  
I will not hear one Word, but Almahide.

*Boab.* When you, within, the Traitor's Voice did hear,  
What did you then?

*Zul.* ——— I durst not trust my Ear;  
But, peeping through the Key-hole, I spy'd  
The Queen; and *Abdelmelech* by her Side:  
She on the Couch, he on her Bosom lay,  
Her Hand about his Neck his Head did stay,  
And from his Forehead wip'd the Drops away.

*Boab.* Go on, go on, my Friends, to clear my Doubt;  
I hope I shall have Life to hear you out.

*Zul.* What had been, Sir, you may suspect too well;  
What follow'd, Modesty forbids to tell:  
Seeing, what we had thought beyond Belief,  
Our Hearts so swell'd with Anger and with Grief,  
That, by plain Force, we strove the Door to break,  
He, fearful, and with Guilt, or Love, grown weak,  
Just as we enter'd, 'scap'd the other Way;  
Nor did th' amazed Queen behind him stay.

*Lyndar.* His Sword, in so much Haste, he could not mind;  
But left this Witness of his Crime behind.

*Boab.* O proud, ingrateful, faithless Womankind!  
How chang'd, and what a Monster am I made!  
My Love, my Honour, ruin'd and betray'd!

*Almanz.* Your Love and Honour! Mine are ruin'd worse:  
Furies and Hell! What right have you to curse?  
Dull Husband as you are, ———  
What can your Love, or what your Honour be!  
I am her Lover, and she's false to me.

*Boab;* Go; when the Authors of my Shame are found,  
Let 'em be taken instantly, and bound:  
They shall be punish'd as our Laws require:  
'Tis just, that Flames should be condemn'd to Fire.

This, with the Dawn of Morning, shall be done.

*Aben.* You haste, too much, her Execution.  
Her Condemnation ought to be deferr'd:  
With Justice, none can be condemn'd unheard.

*Boab.* A formal Process tedious is, and long:  
Besides, the Evidence is full and strong.

*Lyndar.* The Law demands two Witnesses: and she  
Is cast (for which Heav'n knows I grieve) by three.

*Ozm.* Hold, Sir, since you so far insist on Law,  
We can, from thence, one just Advantage draw:  
That Law, which dooms Adulteresses to die,  
Gives Champions, too, to slander'd Chastity.

*Almanz.* And how dare you, who from my Bounty live,  
Intrench upon my Love's Prerogative.

Your



Your Courage in your own Concernments try;  
Brothers are things remote, while I am by.

*Ozm.* I knew not you thus far her Cause would own;  
And must not suffer you to fight alone;  
Let two to two in equal Combat join;  
You vindicate her Person, I her Line.

*Lyndar.* Of all Mankind *Almanzor* has least right  
In her Defence, who wrong'd his Love, to fight.

*Almanz.* 'Tis false; she is not ill, nor can she be;  
She must be Chaste, because she's lov'd by me.

*Zul.* Dare you, what Sense and Reason prove, deny?

*Almanz.* When she's in question, Sense and Reason lie.

*Zul.* For Truth, for my injur'd Sovereign,  
What I have said, I will to Death maintain.

*Ozm.* So foul a Falshood, whoe'er justifies,  
Is basely born; and, like a Villain, lies.  
In witness of that Truth, be this my Gage.

[Takes a Ring from his Finger.]

*Hamet.* I take it; and despise a Traitor's Rage.

*Boab.* The Combat's yours; a Guard the Lists surround;  
Then raise a Scaffold in th' incompass'd Ground,  
And, by it, Piles of Wood; in whose just Fire,  
Her Champions slain, th' Adult'res shall expire.

*Aben.* We ask no Favour, but what Arms will yield.

*Boab.* Chuse, then, two equal Judges of the Field:  
Next Morning shall decide the doubtful Strife,  
Condemn th' unchaste, or quit the virtuous Wife.

*Almanz.* But I am both ways curs'd.—  
For *Almahide* must die, if I am slain;  
Or, for my Rival I the Conquest gain.

[Exeunt.]

## ACT V.

*Almanzor solus.*

I Have out-fac'd my self; and justify'd  
What I knew false, to all the World beside.  
She was as faithless as her Sex could be;  
And, now I am alone, she's so to me,  
She's fall'n! and, now, where shall we Virtue find?  
She was the last that stood, of Womankind.  
Could she so holily my Flames remove;  
And fall that Hour to *Abdelmelech's* Love?  
Yet her Protection I must undertake;  
Not now for Love, but for my Honour's sake.

That

[ III ]

That mov'd me first, and must oblige me still:  
My Cause is good, however hers be ill.  
I'll leave her, when she's freed; and let it be  
Her Punishment, she could be false to me.

*To him Abdelmelech guarded.*

*Abdelm.* Heav'n is not Heav'n; nor are there Deities.  
There is some new Rebellion in the Skies;  
All that was Good and Holy is dethron'd,  
And Lust and Rapine are for Justice own'd.

*Almanz.* 'Tis true; what Justice in that Heav'n can be,  
Which thus affronts me with the Sight of thee?  
Why must I be from just Revenge debarr'd?  
Chains are thy Arms, and Prisons are thy Guard:  
The Death thou dy'st may, to a Husband, be  
A Satisfaction; but 'tis none to me.

My Love would Justice to it self afford;  
But now thou creep'st to Death, below my Sword.

*Abdelm.* This Threatning would show better, were I free.

*Almanz.* No; wert thou freed, I would not threaten thee:  
This Arm should then.——But now it is too late!——  
I could redeem thee to a nobler Fate.

As some huge Rock,  
Rent from its Quarry, does the Waves divide,  
So I——

Would sowze upon thy Guards, and dash 'em wide:  
Then, to my Rage left naked and alone,  
Thy too much Freedom thou should'st soon bemoan:  
Dar'd, like a Lark, that on the open Plain,  
Pursu'd and cuff'd, seeks Shelter now in vain;  
So on the Ground would'st thou expecting lye,  
Not daring to afford me Victory.

But yet thy Fate's not ripe; it is decreed,  
Before thou dy'st, that *Almahide* be freed.

My Honour first her Danger must remove,  
And then revenge on thee my injur'd Love.

*[Exeunt severally.]*

*The Scene changes to the Vivarambla; and appears fill'd with  
Spectators: A Scaffold hung with Black, &c.*

*Enter the Queen guarded, with Esperanza.*

*Almah.* See how the gazing People crowd the Place;  
All gaping to be fill'd with my Disgrace. *[A Shout within.]*  
That Shout, like the hoarse Peals of Vultures rings,  
When, over fighting Fields, they beat their Wings.  
Let never Woman trust in Innocence,  
Or think her Chastity its own Defence.



Mine has betray'd me to this publick Shame:  
And Virtue, which I serv'd, is but a Name.

*Eſper.* Leave then that Shadow, and for Succour fly  
To him we ſerve, the Chriſtians Deity.  
Virtue's no God, nor has ſhe Pow'r Divine:  
But he protects it, who did firſt enjoin.  
Truſt, then, in him; and, from his Grace, implore  
Faith to believe, what rightly we adore.

*Almah.* Thou Pow'r unknown, if I have err'd, forgive:  
My Infancy was taught what I believe,  
But if thy Chriſtians truly worſhip thee,  
Let me thy Godhead in thy Succour ſee:  
So ſhall thy Juſtice in my Safety ſhine,  
And all my Days, which thou ſhalt add, be thine.

*Enter the King, Abenamar, Lyndaraxa, Benzayda: Then Abdelmelech guarded. And after him Selin and Alabez, as Judges of the Field.*

*Boab.* You Judges of the Field, firſt take your Place:  
Th' Accuſers and Accus'd bring Face to Face.  
Set Guards, and let the Liſts be open'd wide;  
And may juſt Heav'n aſſiſt the juſter Side.

*Almah.* What, not one tender Look, one paſſing Word?  
Farewel, my much unkind, but ſtill lov'd Lord.  
Your Throne was for my humble Fate too high,  
And therefore Heav'n thinks fit that I ſhould die.  
My Story be forgot, when I am dead;  
Leſt it ſhould fright ſome other from your Bed:  
And, to forget me, may you ſoon adore  
Some happier Maid, (yet none could love you more.)  
But may you never think me innocent;  
Leſt it ſhould cauſe you Trouble to repent.

*Boab.* 'Tis pity ſo much Beauty ſhould not live;  
Yet I too much am injur'd to forgive.

[*Aſide.*

[*Goes to his Seat.*

*Trumpets: Then enter two Moors bearing two naked Swords before the Accuſers Zulema and Hamet, who follow them. The Judges ſeat themſelves; the Queen and Abdelmelech are led to the Scaffold.*

*Alabez.* Say for what End you thus in Arms appear:  
What are your Names, and what demand you here?

*Zul.* The Zegrys ancient Race our Lineage claims;  
And *Zulema* and *Hamet* are our Names.  
Like Loyal Subjects in theſe Liſts we ſtand,  
And Juſtice in our King's Behalf demand.

*Hamet.* For whom, in witneſs of what both have ſeen,  
Bound by our Duty, we appeach the Queen  
And *Abdelmelech*, of Adultery.

*Zul.* Which, like true Knights, we will maintain, or die.

*Alabez.*

*Alabez.* Swear on the *Alcoran* your Cause is right;  
And *Mahomet* to prosper you in Fight.  
[*They touch their Foreheads with the Alcoran, and bow.*]

*Trumpets on the other side of the Stage; two Moors as before,  
with bare Swords before Almanzor and Ozmyn.*

*Selin.* Say for what End you thus in Arms appear:  
What are your Names, and what demand you here?

*Almanz.* *Ozmyn* is his, *Almanzor* is my Name;  
We come as Champions of the Queen's fair Fame.

*Ozm.* To prove these *Zegrjs*, like false Traitors, lie;  
Which, like true Knights, we will maintain, or die.

*Selin to Almahide.*

Madam, do you for Champions take these two;  
By their Success to live or die?

*Almah.* ————— I do.

*Selin.* Swear on the *Alcoran* your Cause is right;  
And *Mahomet* to prosper you in Fight. [*They kiss the Alcoran.*  
[*Ozmyn and Benzayda Embrace, and take Leave in dumb  
show; while Lyndaraxa speaks to her Brothers.*]

*Lyndar.* If you o'ercome, let neither of them live;  
But use, with Care, th' Advantages I give:  
One of their Swords in Fight shall uselefs be;  
The Bearer of it is suborn'd by me. [*She and Benzayda retire.*

*Alabez.* Now, Principals and Seconds, all advance,  
And each of you assist his Fellow's Chance.

*Selin.* The Wind and Sun we equally divide;  
So, let th' Event of Arms the Truth decide.  
The Chances of the Fight, and ev'ry Wound,  
The Trumpets, on the Victor's part, resound.

[*The Trumpets sound; Almanzor and Zulema meet and fight;  
Ozmyn and Hamet; after some Passes, the Sword of Oz-  
myn breaks; he retires defending himself, and is wounded;  
the Zegrjs Trumpets sound their Advantage; Almanzor,  
in the mean time, drives Zulema to the farther end of the  
Stage; 'till, hearing the Trumpets of the adverse Party,  
he looks back and sees Ozmyn's Misfortune; he makes at  
Zulema just as Ozmyn falls, in retiring, and Hamet is  
thrusting at him.*]

*Hamet to Ozmyn thrusting.*

Our Difference now shall soon determin'd be.

*Almanz.* Hold, Traitor, and defend thy self from me.



[Hamet leaves Ozmyn, (who cannot rise,) and both he and Zulema fall on Almanzor, and press him; he retires, and Hamet, advancing first, is run through the Body and falls. The Queen's Trumpets sound. Almanzor pursues Zulema.

Lyndar. I must make haste some Remedy to find:—  
Treason, Almanzor, Treason; look behind.

[Almanzor looks behind him to see who calls, and Zulema takes the Advantage and Wounds him; the Zegrys Trumpets sound: Almanzor turns upon Zulema and Wounds him; he falls. The Queen's Trumpets sound.

Almanz. Now Triumph in thy Sister's Treachery. [Stabbing him.

Zul. Hold, hold; I have enough to make me die.

But, that I may in Peace resign my Breath,  
I must confess my Crime before my Death.  
Mine is the Guilt; the Queen is innocent:  
I lov'd her; and, to compass my Intent,  
Us'd Force; which Abdelmelech did prevent.  
The Lie my Sister forg'd: But, O! my Fate  
Comes on too soon, and I repent too late.  
Fair Queen, forgive; and let my Penitence  
Expiate some part of—

}

[Dies.

Almah. ——— Ev'n thy whole Offence!

Almanzor to the Judges.

If ought remains in the Sultana's Cause,  
I here am ready to fulfil the Laws.

Selin. The Law is fully satisfy'd, and we  
Pronounce the Queen and Abdelmelech free.

Abdelm. Heav'n thou art just!

[The Judges rise from their Seats, and go before Almanzor to the Queen's Scaffold; he unbinds the Queen and Abdelmelech; they all go off, the People shouting, and the Trumpets sounding the while.

Boab. Before we pay our Thanks, or show our Joy;  
Let us our needful Charity employ.  
Some skilful Surgeon speedily be found,  
T'apply fit Remedies to Ozmyn's Wound.

Benzayda running to Ozmyn.

That be my Charge; my Linnen I will tear:  
Wash it with Tears, and bind it with my Hair.

Ozm. With how much Pleasure I my Pains endure!  
And bless the Wound which causes such a Cure.

[Exit Ozmyn, led by Benzayda and Abenamar.

Boab. Some from the Place of Combat bear the Slain:  
Next Lyndaraxa's Death I should ordain:  
But let her, who this Mischief did contrive,  
For ever banish'd from Granada live.

Lyndar.

*Lyndar.* Thou shou'dst have punish'd more, or not at all:  
By her thou hast not ruin'd, thou shalt fall. [Aside.]  
The *Zegrys* shall revenge their branded Line:  
Betray their Gate, and with the Christians join.

*[Exit Lyndaraxa with Alabez; the Bodies of her Brothers  
are born after her.]*

*Almanzor, Almahide, Esperanza re-enter to the King.*

*Almah.* The Thanks thus paid, which first to Heav'n were due,  
My next, *Almanzor*, let me pay to you:  
Somewhat there is, of more Concernment, too,  
Which 'tis not fit you should, in publick, know.  
First let your Wounds be dress'd with speedy Care;  
And then you shall th'important Secret share.

*Almanz.* When e'er you speak,  
Were my Wounds Mortal, they should still bleed on;  
And I would listen 'till my Life were gone:  
My Soul should, ev'n for your last Accent, stay;  
And then shout out, and with such speed obey,  
It should not Bait at Heav'n to stop its Way.

} *[Exit Almanz.]*  
[Aside.]

*Boab.* Tis true, *Almanzor* did her Honour save;  
But yet what private Business can they have!  
Such Freedom Virtue will not sure allow;  
I cannot clear my Heart; but must my Brow:

*He approaches Almahide.*

Welcome again my Virtuous, Loyal Wife;  
Welcome to Love, to Honour, and to Life.——

*[Goes to Salute her, she starts back,*

*You seem——*

As if you from a loath'd Embrace did go!

*Almah.* Then briefly will I speak, (since you must know  
What to the World my future Acts will show:)

But hear me first, and then my Reasons weigh:

'Tis known how Duty led me to obey

My Father's Choice; and how I since did live,

You, Sir, can best your Testimony give.

How to your Aid I have *Almanzor* brought,

When by rebellious Crowds your Life was sought;

Then, how I bore your causeless Jealousie,

(For I must speak) and after set you free,

When you were Pris'ner in the Chance of War;

These, sure, are Proofs of Love.——

*Boab.* —— I grant they are.

*Almah.* And could you, then, —O cruelly unkind,  
So ill reward such Tendernefs of Mind!  
Could you, denying what our Laws afford  
The meanest Subject, on a Traitor's Word,



Unheard, condemn, and suffer me to go  
To Death, and yet no common Pity show!

*Boab.* Love fill'd my Heart ev'n to the Brim before;  
And then, with too much Jealousie, boil'd o'er.

*Almah.* Be't Love or Jealousie, 'tis such a Crime,  
That I'm forewarn'd to trust a second time.  
Know then, my Pray'rs to them shall never cease  
To Crown your Arms with War, your Wars with Peace:

But, from this Day, I will not know your Bed.

Though *Almahide* still lives, your Wife is dead:

And, with her, dies a Love so pure and true,

It could be kill'd by nothing but by you. [Exit *Almahide*.]

*Boab.* Yes, you will spend your Life in Pray'rs for me;  
And yet this Hour my hated Rival see.

She might a Husband's Jealousie forgive;

But she will only for *Almanzor* live.

It is resolv'd, I will, my self, provide

That Vengeance, which my useless Laws deny'd:

And, by *Almanzor's* Death, at once, remove

The Rival of my Empire, and my Love.

[Exit *Boabdelin*.]

*Enter Almahide, led by Almanzor, and follow'd by Esperanza;*

*She speaks entering.*

*Almah.* How much, *Almanzor*, to your Aid I owe,  
Unable to repay, I blush to know.

Yet, forc'd by Need, e'er I can clear that Score,

I, like ill Debtors, come to borrow more.

*Almanz.* Your new Commands I on my Knees attend:  
I was created for no other end.

Born to be yours, I do, by Nature, serve;

And, like the lab'ring Beast, no Thanks deserve.

*Almah.* Yet first your Virtue to your Succour call,  
For, in this hard Command, you'll need it all.

*Almanz.* I stand prepar'd; and whatsoe'er it be,  
Nothing is hard to him who loves like me.

*Almah.* Then know, I from your Love must yet implore  
One Proof: ——— that you would never see me more.

*Almanzor starting back.*

I must confess,

For this last Stroke I did no Guard provide;

I could suspect no Foe was near that Side:

From Winds and thick'ning Clouds we Thunder fear;

None dread it from that Quarter which is clear.

And I would fain believe, 'tis but your Art

To shew

You knew where deepest you could wound my Heart.

*Almah.*

*Almah.* So much Respect is to your Passion due,  
That sure I could not practise Arts on you.  
But, that you may not doubt what I have said,  
This Hour I have renounc'd my Husband's Bed :  
Judge then how much my Fame would injur'd be,  
If, leaving him, I should a Lover see!

*Almanz.* If his Unkindness have deserv'd that Curse,  
Must I, for loving well, be punish'd worse?

*Almah.* Neither your Love nor Merits I compare:  
But my unspotted Name must be my Care.

*Almanz.* I have this Day establish'd its Renown.

*Almah.* Would you so soon, what you have rais'd, throw down?

*Almanz.* But, Madam, is not yours a greater Guilt,  
To ruin him who has that Fabrick built?

*Almah.* No Lover should his Mistress Pray'rs withstand:  
Yet you condemn my absolute Command.

*Almanz.* 'Tis not Contempt,  
When your Command is issu'd out too late:  
'Tis past my Pow'r; and all beyond is Fate,  
I scarce could leave you, when to Exile sent;  
Much less, when now recall'd from Banishment:  
For if that Heat your Glances cast were strong;  
Your Eyes, like Glasses, fire, when held so long.

*Almah.* Then, since you needs will all my Weakness know,  
I love you; and so well, that you must go:  
I am so much oblig'd, and have, withal,  
A Heart so boundless and so prodigal,  
I dare not trust my self, or you, to stay;  
But, like frank Gamesters, must forswear the Play.

*Almanz.* Fate, thou art kind, to strike so hard a Blow;  
I am quite stunn'd, and past all Feeling, now.  
Yet—can you tell me you have Pow'r and Will  
To save my Life, and, at that instant, kill?

*Almah.* This, had you stay'd, you never must have known:  
But, now you go, I may with Honour own.

*Almanz.* But, Madam, I am forc'd to disobey:  
In your Defence my Honour bids me stay.  
I promis'd to secure your Life and Throne,  
And, Heav'n be thank'd, that Work is yet undone.

*Almah.* I here make void that Promise which you made;  
For now I have no farther need of Aid.

That Vow, which to my plighted Lord was giv'n,  
I must not break; but may transfer to Heav'n:  
I will with Vestals live:

There needs no Guard at a Religious Door;  
Few will disturb the Praying and the Poor.



*Almanz.* Let me but near that happy Temple stay,  
And, through the Grates, peep on you once a Day;  
To famish'd Hope I would no Banquet give:  
I cannot starve, and wish but just to live.

Thus, as a drowning Man  
Sinks often, and does still more faintly rise,  
With his last Hold catching whate'er he spies;  
So, fall'n from those proud Hopes I had before,  
Your Aid I for a dying Wretch implore.

*Almah.* I cannot your hard Destiny withstand;  
*Boabdelin and Guards above.*

But slip, like bending Rushes, from your Hand.  
Sink all at once, since you must sink at last.

*Almanz.* Can you that last Relief of Sight remove,  
And thrust me out the utmost Line of Love!  
Then, since my Hopes of Happiness are gone,  
Deny'd all Favours, I will seize this one.

[*Catches her Hand and kisses it.*

*Boab.* My just Revenge no longer I'll forbear:  
I've seen too much; I need not stay to hear.

[*Descends.*

*Almanz.* As a small Shower  
To the parch'd Earth does some Refreshment give,  
So, in the Strength of this, one Day I'll live:  
A Day,——a Year,——an Age,——for ever, now;

[*Betwixt each Word he kisses her Hand by force; she struggling.*  
I feel from ev'ry Touch a new Soul flow.

[*She snatches her Hand away.*

My hop'd Eternity of Joy is past!

'Twas insupportable, and could not last.

Were Heav'n not made of less, or duller Joy,

'Twould break each Minute, and it self destroy.

*Enter King and Guards below.*

*Boab.* This, this is he, for whom thou didst deny  
To share my Bed:——Let 'em together die.

*Almah.* Hear me, my Lord.

*Boab.* ——Your flatt'ring Arts are vain:  
Make haste; and execute what I ordain.

[*To the Guards.*

*Almanz.* Cut piece-meal, in this Cause,  
From ev'ry Wound I should new Vigour take:  
And ev'ry Limb should new *Almanzors* make.

[*He puts himself before the Queen; the  
Guards attack him, with the King.*

*Enter Abdelmelech.*

*Abdelm.* What angry God, to exercise his Spight, [To the King.  
Has arm'd your left Hand, to cut off your right?

[*The King turns, and the Fight ceases.*  
Haste,

Haste, not to give, but to prevent a Fate:  
The Foes are enter'd at th' *Elvira* Gate:  
False *Lyndaraxa* has the Town betray'd,  
And all the *Zegrys* give the *Spaniards* Aid.

*Boab.* O Mischief, not suspected nor foreseen!

*Abdelm.* Already they have gain'd the *Zacatin*,  
And, thence, the *Vivarambla* Place possess:  
While our faint Soldiers scarce defend the rest.  
The Duke of *Arcos* does one Squadron head;  
The next by *Ferdinand* himself is led.

*Almah.* Now, brave *Almanzor*, be a God again;  
Above our Crimes and your own Passions reign.

My Lord has been, by Jealousie, mis-led,  
To think I was not faithful to his Bed.

I can forgive him, though my Death he fought;  
For too much Love can never be a Fault.

Protect him, then; and, what to his Defence  
You give not, give to clear my Innocence.

*Almanz.* Listen, sweet Heav'n; and, all ye Bless'd above,  
Take Rules of Virtue from a Mortal Love.

You've rais'd my Soul; and, if it mount more high,  
'Tis as the Wren did on the Eagle fly.

Yes, I once more will my Revenge neglect:  
And, whom you can forgive, I can protect.

*Boab.* How hard a Fate is mine, still doom'd to Shame;  
I make Occasions for my Rival's Fame! [*Exeunt. An Alarm within.*]

*Enter Ferdinand, Isabella, Don Alonzo d'Aguilar;  
Spaniards and Ladies.*

*K. Ferd.* Already more than half the Town is gain'd:  
But there is yet a doubtful Fight maintain'd.

*Alonzo.* The fierce young King the enter'd does attack,  
And the more fierce *Almanzor* drives 'em back.

*K. Ferd.* The valiant *Moors* like raging Lions fight;  
Each Youth encourag'd by his Lady's Sight.

*Q. Isabel.* I will advance with such a shining Train,  
That *Moorish* Beauties shall oppose in vain:

Into the Press of clashing Swords we'll go;  
And, where the Darts fly thickest, seek the Foe.

*K. Ferd.* May Heav'n, which has inspir'd this gen'rous Thought,  
Avert those Dangers you have boldly fought.

Call up more Troops; the Women, to our Shame,  
Will ravish from the Men their Part of Fame.

[*Exeunt Isabella and Ladies.*]

*Enter Alabez, and kisses the King's Hand.*

*Alabez.* Fair *Lyndaraxa*, and the *Zegry* Line,  
Have led their Forces with your Troops to join:



The adverse Part, which obstinately fought,  
Are broke; and *Abdelmelech* Prisoner brought.

K. Ferd. Fair *Lyndaraxa*, and her Friends, shall find  
Th' Effects of an oblig'd and grateful Mind.

*Alabez.* But, marching by the *Vivarambla* Place,  
The Combat carry'd a more doubtful face:

In that vast Square the *Moors* and *Spaniards* met;  
Where the fierce Conflict is continu'd yet.

But with Advantage on the adverse Side,  
Whom fierce *Almanzor* does to Conquest guide.

K. Ferd. With my *Castilian* Foot I'll meet his Rage;

[*Is going out: Shouts within are heard, Victoria, Victoria.*]  
But these loud Clamours better News presage.

*Enter the Duke of Arcos, and Soldiers; their Swords  
drawn and bloody.*

D. *Arcos.* *Granada* now is yours; and there remain  
No *Moors*, but such as own the Pow'r of *Spain*.  
That Squadron, which their King in Person led,  
We charg'd; but found *Almanzor* in their Head.  
Three sev'ral times we did the *Moors* attack,  
And thrice, with Slaughter, did he drive us back.  
Our Troops then shrunk; and still we lost more Ground.  
'Till from our Queen, we needful Succour found.  
Her Guards to our Assistance bravely flew,  
And, with fresh Vigour, did the Fight renew.

At the same time——

Did *Lyndaraxa* with her Troops appear,  
And, while we charg'd the Front, engag'd the Rear.  
Then fell the King, (slain by a *Zegry's* Hand:)

K. Ferd. How could he such united Force withstand?

D. *Arcos.* Discourag'd with his Death, the *Moorish* Pow'rs  
Fell back; and, falling back, were press'd by ours.

But, as when Winds and Rain together croud,  
They swell 'till they have burst the bladder'd Cloud;  
And first the Lightning, flashing deadly clear,  
Flies, falls, consumes, e'er it does appear:

So, from his shrinking Troops, *Almanzor* flew;  
Each Blow gave Wounds, and with each Wound he flew.  
His Force at once I envy'd and admir'd;  
And, rushing forward, where my Men retir'd,  
Advanc'd alone.

K. Ferd. ——— You hazarded too far  
Your Person, and the Fortune of the War.

D. *Arcos.* Already both our Arms for Fight did bare,  
Already held 'em threatening in the Air:

When Heav'n (it must be Heav'n) my Sight did guide  
 To view his Arm, upon whose Wrist I spy'd  
 A Ruby Cross in Diamond Bracelets ty'd.  
 And just above it, in the brawnier part,  
 By Nature was engrav'd a bloody Heart.  
 Struck with these Tokens, which so well I knew,  
 And stagg'ring back, some Paces I withdrew;  
 He follow'd, and suppos'd it was my Fear:  
 When, from above, a shrill Voice reach'd his Ear;  
 Strike not thy Father, it was heard to cry;  
 Amaz'd, and casting round his wond'ring Eye,  
 He stopp'd; then, thinking that his Fears were vain,  
 He lifted up his thund'ring Arm again:  
 Again the Voice with-held him from my Death:  
 Spare, spare his Life, it cry'd, who gave thee Breath.  
 Once more he stopp'd; then threw his Sword away;  
 Bless'd Shade, he said, I hear thee, I obey  
 Thy sacred Voice; then, in the sight of all,  
 He at my Feet, I on his Neck did fall.

*K. Ferd.* O bless'd Event! —————

*D. Arcos.* ————— The *Moors* no longer fought;  
 But all their Safety, by Submission, fought:  
 Mean time my Son grew faint with loss of Blood:  
 And, on his bending Sword supported, stood,  
 Yet, with a Voice beyond his Strength, he cry'd,  
 Lead me to live, or die, by *Almahide*.

*K. Ferd.* I am not for his Wounds less griev'd than you.  
 For if, what now my Soul divines, proves true,  
 This is that Son, whom in his Infancy  
 You lost, when by my Father forc'd to fly.

*D. Arcos.* His Sister's Beauty did my Passion move,  
 (The Crime for which I suffer'd was my Love)  
 Our Marriage known, to Sea we took our Flight;  
 There, in a Storm, *Almanzor* first saw Light.  
 On his right Arm, a bloody Heart was grav'd,  
 (The Mark by which, this Day, my Life was sav'd.)  
 The Bracelets and the Cross, his Mother ty'd  
 About his Wrist, e'er she in Child-bed dy'd.  
 How we were Captives made, when she was dead;  
 And how *Almanzor* was in *Africk* bred,  
 Some other Hour you may at leisure hear,  
 For see, the Queen, in Triumph, does appear.

*Enter Queen Isabella, Lyndaraxa, Ladies, Moors and Spaniards mix'd  
 as Guards. Abdelmelech, Abenamar, Selin, Prisoners.*

*King Ferdinand Embracing Queen Isabella.*

All Stories, which *Granada's* Conquest tell,  
 Shall Celebrate the Name of *Isabel*.



Your Ladies too, who, in their Country's Cause,  
Led on the Men, shall share in your Applause:  
And for your sakes, henceforward, I ordain,  
No Lady's Dow'r shall question'd be in *Spain*.  
Fair *Lyndaraxa*, for the Help she lent,  
Shall, under Tribute, have this Government.

*Abdelm.* O Heav'n, that I should live to see this Day!

*Lyndar.* You murmur now, but you shall soon obey.  
I knew this Empire to my Fate was ow'd:  
Heav'n held it back as long as e'er it could.

For thee, base Wretch, I want a Torture yet—— [To *Abdelm.*

—— I'll Cage thee, thou shalt be my *Bajazet*.

I on no Pavement but on thee will tread;

And, when I mount, my Foot shall know thy Head.

[*Abdelm. stabbing her with a Ponyard.*

This first shall know thy Heart.

*Lyndar.* ——— O! I am Slain!

*Abdelm.* Now boast, thy Country is betray'd to *Spain*.

*K. Ferd.* Look to the Lady.—— Seize the Murderer.

[*Abdelm. stabbing himself.*

I'll do my self that Justice I did her.

Thy Blood I to thy ruin'd Country give,

[To *Lyndar.*

But love too well thy Murther to out-live,

Forgive a Love, excus'd by its excess,

Which, had it not been cruel, had been less.

Condemn my Passion, then, but pardon me;

And think I murder'd him, who murder'd thee.

[*Dies.*

*Lyndar.* Die for us both; I have not leisure now;

A Crown is come, and will not Fate allow:

And yet I feel something, like Death, is near:

My Guards, my Guards; ——

Let not that ugly Skeleton appear.

Sure Destiny mistakes; this Death's not mine;

She dotes, and meant to cut another Line.

Tell her I am a Queen; —— but 'tis too late;

Dying, I charge Rebellion on my Fate:

Bow down ye Slaves ——

[To the Moors.

Bow quickly down, and your Submission show.

[They bow.

I'm pleas'd to taste an Empire e'er I go,

[*Dies.*

*Selin.* She's dead, and here her proud Ambition ends.

*Aben.* Such Fortune still such black Designs attends.

*K. Ferd.* Remove those mournful Objects from our Eyes;

And see perform'd their Fun'ral Obsequies.

[The Bodies carry'd off.

*Enter*

*Enter Almanzor and Almahide, Ozmyn and Benzayda. Almahide brought in a Chair: Almanzor led betwixt Soldiers: Isabella Salutes Almahide in dumb show.*

*Duke of Arcos presenting Almanzor to the King.*

See here that Son, whom I with Pride call mine;  
And who dishonours not your Royal Line.

K. Ferd. I'm now secure, this Scepter, which I gain,  
Shall be continu'd in the Pow'r of Spain;  
Since he, who could alone my Foes defend,  
By Birth and Honour is become my Friend,  
Yet I can own no Joy, nor Conquest boast,  
While in this Blood I see how dear it cost. [To Almanzor.]

Almanz. This Honour to my Veins new Blood will bring;  
Streams cannot fail, fed by so high a Spring;  
But all Court-Customs I so little know,  
That I may fail in those Respects I owe;  
I bring a Heart which Homage never knew;  
Yet it finds something of it self in you:  
Something so kingly, that my haughty Mind  
Is drawn to yours; because 'tis of a Kind.

Q. Isabel. And yet, that Soul, which bears its self so high,  
If Fame be true, admits a Sovereignty.  
This Queen, in her fair Eyes, such Fetters brings,  
As Chain that Heart, which scorns the Pow'r of Kings.

Almah. Little of Charm in these sad Eyes appears;  
If they had any, now 'tis lost in Tears.  
A Crown, and Husband, ravish'd in one Day,  
Excuse a Grief, I cannot chuse but Pay.

Q. Isabel. Have Courage, Madam, Heav'n has Joys in store  
To recompence those Losses you deplore.

Almah. I know your God can all my Woes redress;  
To him I made my Vows in my Distress.  
And, what a Misbeliever vow'd this Day,  
Though not a Queen, a Christian yet shall pay.

*Queen Isabella Embracing her.*

That Christian Name you shall receive from me;  
And Isabella of Granada be.

Benz. This blessed Change we all with Joy receive;  
And beg to learn that Faith which you believe.

Q. Isabel. With Rev'rence for those Holy Rites prepare;  
And all commit your Fortunes to my Care.

*King Ferdinand to Almahide.*

You, Madam, by that Crown you lose, may gain,  
If you accept a Coronet of Spain;  
Of which Almanzor's Father stands possessor.

*Queen Isabella to Almahide.*

May you in him, and he in you be blest.

*Almah.*



*Almah.* I owe my Life and Honour to his Sword;  
But owe my Love to my departed Lord.

*Almanz.* Thus, when I have no living Force to dread,  
Fate finds me Enemies amongst the dead.  
I'm now to conquer Ghosts, and to destroy  
The strong Impressions of a Bridal Joy.

*Almah.* You've yet a greater Foe, than these can be;  
Virtue opposes you, and Modesty.

*Almanz.* From a false Fear that Modesty does grow;  
And thinks true Love, because 'tis fierce, its Foe.

'Tis but the Wax whose Seals on Virgins stay:

Let it approach Love's Fire, 'twill melt away.

But I have liv'd too long; I never knew,

When Fate was conquer'd; I must Combat you.

I thought to climb the steep Ascent of Love;

But did not think to find a Foe above.

'Tis time to die, when you my Bar must be,

Whose Aid alone could give me Victory.

Without—

I'll pull up all the Sluces of the Flood:

And Love, within, shall boil our all my Blood.

*Q. Isabel.* Fear not your Love should find so sad Success;

While I have Pow'r to be your Patroness.

I am her Parent, now, and may command

So much of Duty, as to give her Hand.

[Gives him Almahide's Hand.]

*Almah.* Madam, I never can dispute your Pow'r,

Or, as a Parent, or a Conqueror.

But, when my Year of Widdowhood expires,

Shall yield to your Command; and his Desires.

*Almanz.* Move swiftly, Sun; and fly a Lover's pace;

Leave Weeks and Months behind thee in thy Race!

*K. Ferd.* Mean time, you shall my Victories pursue,

The Moors in Woods and Mountains to subdue.

*Almanz.* The Toils of War shall help to wear each Day,

And Dreams of Love shall drive my Nights away.

Our Banners to th' *Alhambra's* Turrets bear;

Then, wave our conqu'ring Crosses in the Air;

And cry, with Shouts of Triumph; Live and Reign,

Great *Ferdinand* and *Isabel* of *Spain*.

---

# EPILOGUE

To the Second PART of

## GRANADA

**T**HET who have best succeeded on the Stage,  
Have still conform'd their Genius to their Age.  
Thus Johnson did Mechanick Humour show,  
When Men were dull, and Conversation low.  
Then Comedy was faultless, but 'twas course:  
Cobb's Tankard was a Jest, and Otter's Horse.  
And, as their Comedy, their Love was mean;  
Except, by chance, in some one labour'd Scene:  
Which must atone for an ill-written Play.  
They rose; but at their Height could seldom stay.  
Fame then was cheap; and the first Comer sped:  
And they have kept it since, by being dead.  
But, were they now to write, when Criticks weigh  
Each Line, and ev'ry Word, throughout a Play,  
None of 'em, no not Johnson in his Height,  
Could pass, without allowing Grains for Weight.  
Think it not Envy, that these Truths are told;  
Our Poet's not malicious, though he's bold.  
'Tis not to brand 'em that their Faults are shown,  
But, by their Errors, to excuse his own.  
If Love and Honour now are higher rais'd,  
'Tis not the Poet, but the Age is prais'd.



Wit's now arriv'd to a more high Degree;  
Our native Language more refin'd and free.  
Our Ladies and our Men now speak more Wit,  
In Conversation, than those Poets writ.  
Then, one of these is, consequently, true;  
That what this Poet writes comes short of you,  
And imitates you ill, (which most he fears)  
Or else his Writing is not worse than theirs.  
Yet, though you judge, (as sure the Criticks will)  
That some before him writ with greater Skill:  
In this one Praise he has their Fame surpass,  
To please an Age more Gallant than the last.

---

FINIS.